This Light Can Save 5000 Lives a Year

And it can save the suffering caused by more than 80,000 unnecessary accidents; it can prevent an annual economic loss of more than $180,000,000—death, injury, waste that are the result of preventable night accidents. This fearful toll can be stopped by the adequate lighting of the primary highways of the nation.

Already the golden-orange, danger-dissipating light of sodium lamps is lifting the terror that lurks on dark roads. As these lamps illuminate more and more miles of highway, they will save thousands of Americans otherwise doomed to meet injury or death in night accidents. Sodium lamps are among the latest of the many aids to safety to which the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, has made important contributions.

But research in light is only one of the many fields in which G-E scientists are helping you. The new manufacturing methods which they have developed have reduced the price you pay for necessities. The new products they have provided have stimulated industry, have created new employment, have raised the living standard of the nation.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Literary Digest

FOR SEPTEMBER 12, 1936

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Mail

Opening Gun

Sir:—Recent letters appearing in your magazine have been so much "bunk." Please instruct your contributors on how to write well-balanced, progressive, interesting letters. I thank you, sir.
Los Angeles. LEONARD L. BEAVER.

Slips Pro—

Sir:—Readers' opinions differ to such an extent that it must be difficult to ascertain what you should print to please "most of the people most of the time." For instance, I have noticed the objections to the quips following "Slips That Pass in Type," and that, in the August 15 issue, you have omitted them.

I read over the entire column without getting a laugh out of it, whereas, had the quips been inserted, I'm sure I'd still be laughing. RICHARD CLARK MCGINNIS.
Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

Slips without your humor are flat, stale and unprofitable. ALEX FONTYN.
Stanford University.

. . . . The current issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST is a total loss because you have omitted comments under "Slips." I have resorted to filling them in myself.
Park Ridge, Illinois. J. B. BAZINET.

Pulleese put back the comments. . . . They're more than half the fun.
(MRS.) R. R. LA SPINA.
Quakertown, Pennsylvania.

. . . . Those that don't like them can skip them. DR. H. W. WATSON.
Peoria, Illinois.

. . . . I am surprized that you have yielded to the *Sour Sammies* who can see no humor in them. W. H. KENNEDY.
Providence.

(Continued on page 43)

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The clash of steel . . . hand-to-hand encounters . . . melodrama, spectacular as the Aurora . . . truly here is a feast for all eyes. The greatest romance since time began, in a setting of pulse-throbbing thrills. The story of a family feud that rings down through the ages, brought to ecstatic reality by a great cast and a magnificent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. Here at last is the final flower of motion picture achievement.

NORMA
SHEARER
LESLIE
HOWARD

Romeo and Juliet

with JOHN BARRYMORE
EDNA MAY OLIVER · BASIL RATHBONE
C. AUBREY SMITH · ANDY DEVINE · RALPH
FORBES · REGINALD DENNY · CONWAY TEARLE
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The genius of William Shakespeare and the magic of the screen unite in the presentation of the most beautiful love story ever told . . . the most memorable film of 1936. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture. Directed by George Cukor.

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"Fine thing, the Telephone"

"HELPS TO KEEP PEOPLE CLOSE AND FRIENDLY"

"I put through a call for my son down East. Must be three hundred miles.

"'Hold the line,' the operator said. And next thing you knew, there he was. Sounded just like he was right here. It wasn't like that when I was a young fellow."

• • •

THIS COUNTRY has the best telephone service in the world. And it's still getting better—quicker, clearer, more useful to more people. Each year brings improvements in equipment and operating efficiency. Operating errors on local calls—always a small percentage of the millions handled daily—have decreased 40% in the past six years.

Since 1929, the average time required for long distance connections has been reduced from 2.8 to 1.4 minutes and 92% of these calls are now handled while you remain at the telephone.

Time has proved the value of the Bell System plan of operation—"One policy, one system and universal service."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK — SEPTEMBER 12, 1936

Topics of the day

"DIGEST'S" FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND

Ballots Quadrupled by Early Returns From Five More States

LANDON, 61,190; Roosevelt, 33,423; Lemke, 4,169.

That is the score, as THE LITERARY DIGEST's Presidential Poll of more than 1,000,000 voters swings into its third week.

It shows the original handful of 24,000-odd ballots quadrupled to 99,734. It shows preliminary returns in scattered sections of five new States, as the tabulators dip below the Mason and Dixon Line to size up two States nominally heavily Democratic—Texas and Oklahoma. It shows Governor Landon leading in three Midwestern farm States—Ohio, Minnesota and Indiana—on early returns. And it shows President Roosevelt whittling his opponent's first-return margin of more than two to one in the original four States—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maine—to slightly under two to one.

Will the New Deal leader continue to close the gap, as tens of thousands of secret post-card ballots swell the flood of incoming returns, this week and every week until November? Will the man in the White House reach and pass the man in Topeka, Kansas, at the half-million-mark—the million-mark?

Several Shifts—Only the final results can tell, but here is what happened in Maine's column from the first week to the second: From a lead of 1,831 to 522 (more than three to one), the Landon margin dropped to 4,826 to 2,179 (only a little more than two to one). That change in political fortune amply illustrates what THE DIGEST means by its warning to the public: These are only the scattering early returns; the leadership may shift again and again during the progress of the Poll.

Interesting, too, is the first showing for Minnesota. Here is a predominantly farming State whose eleven electoral votes may well be a vital factor in the ultimate outcome. The Boston *Globe* thinks the home of the Farmer-Labor Party "may be a key-State."

Until a fortnight ago, political experts appeared to be agreed that Minnesota would wind up in the Roosevelt column. Reason: Gov. Floyd B. Olson, head of the Farmer-Labor Party, was a vigorous supporter of the New Deal. Then Governor Olson died. Result: The whole political picture in Minnesota has been thrown into confusion.

One Explanation — As its St. Paul Correspondent writes in the New York *Times:*

"Democratic tactics in Minnesota for three and a half years have been predicated on the assumption that President Roosevelt would have the powerful support of Governor Olson in the 1936 campaign.

"In return for this expected support, the dominant wing of the Democratic Party practically abdicated in favor of Farmer-Labor State, Congressional and Senatorial candidates. The Democrats now are in the predicament of having an extremely weak ticket in deference to Farmer-Labor desires, and getting nothing in return. With the death of Mr. Olson has largely expired the ability of the Farmer-Labor Party to be of service to President Roosevelt. . . ."

First returns from Minnesota give Landon 8,620; Roosevelt 5,939. Does that mean that Minnesota will go Republican? Not necessarily, for it must be remembered that these returns are far from final. And there is another factor: Lemke.

Governor Olson had been slated to run for the United States Senate. A few days after his death, the Farmer-Labor Party's State Central Committee picked Representative Ernest Lundeen to run for the Senate. Without giving Lemke outright indorsement. Representative Lundeen nevertheless has been openly sympathetic toward the Union Party candidate. The State gives Lemke 1,544 in first returns—the largest vote he had received in any State, by far. And 1,137 of those 1,544 had voted for Roosevelt in 1932; only 207 for Hoover. Will the Lemke vote be a sufficient factor to defeat the Democrats in Minnesota?

Ohio Reactions—Interesting, too, are the first reactions from Ohio—half-agricultural, half-industrial, half-East, half-West: For Landon, 3,293; for Roosevelt, 1,613; for Lemke, 271. A little better than two to one for the Kansan, to start.

The Texas vote is small—930 for Roosevelt, 185 for Landon. Oklahoma, the only

Second Report "Literary Digest" 1936 Presidential Poll

	Landon 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election						Roosevelt 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election						Lemke 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election					
		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated
Indiana	2,542	1,879	483	9	1	58	112	1,690	286	1,269	24	.....	49	62	128	34	78	3	.....	3	10
Maine	4,826	3,544	652	11	16	285	318	2,179	256	1,563	15	.....	117	228	177	32	113	.....	2	30	.....
Minnesota	8,620	6,236	1,720	22	.....	251	391	5,939	1,011	4,300	128	5	242	253	1,544	207	1,137	39	4	35	122
New Jersey	9,402	7,158	1,435	50	3	366	390	5,733	1,013	3,942	224	3	323	228	485	80	335	10	.....	20	40
New York	16,715	12,476	2,955	70	8	576	630	7,194	1,395	5,041	181	1	310	266	975	169	683	23	1	36	63
Ohio	3,293	2,419	614	14	3	90	153	2,193	408	1,613	38	3	62	69	271	53	168	12	.....	13	25
Oklahoma	618	370	169	1	.....	40	38	712	48	601	2	.....	23	38	7	1	6	.....	.....	.....	.....
Pennsylvania	14,989	11,095	2,488	73	13	601	719	6,853	1,203	4,927	108	3	340	272	578	94	396	14	1	29	44
Texas	185	91	76	.....	.....	11	7	930	28	820	3	.....	39	40	4	1	2	.....	.....	1	.....
Totals	61,190	45,268	10,592	250	44	2,278	2,758	33,423	5,648	24,076	723	15	1,505	1,456	4,169	671	2,918	101	8	167	304

Expert and amateur statisticians may sharpen their pencils and derive much of interest in these latest tabulations, but every step of the way they should keep in mind that these statistics are not complete and later compilations may change the mathematical picture from week to week as additional ballots are counted.

MINOR CANDIDATES

States	Thomas 1936 Votes	Browder 1936 Votes	Colvin 1936 Votes	Aiken 1936 Votes	Others 1936 Votes	Totals	Grand Total Votes By States	States
Indiana	16	7	7	1	3	34	4,934	Indiana
Maine	17	4	3	1	5	30	7,212	Maine
Minnesota	107	39	42	9	4	201	16,304	Minnesota
New Jersey	116	76	7	8	8	215	15,835	New Jersey
New York	125	66	35	6	14	246	25,130	New York
Ohio	26	6	5	5	.....	42	5,799	Ohio
Oklahoma	5	.....	.....	2	.....	7	1,344	Oklahoma
Pennsylvania	86	26	52	6	5	175	22,595	Pennsylvania
Texas	1	.....	1	.....	.....	2	1,121	Texas
Totals	499	224	152	38	39	952	99,734	Totals

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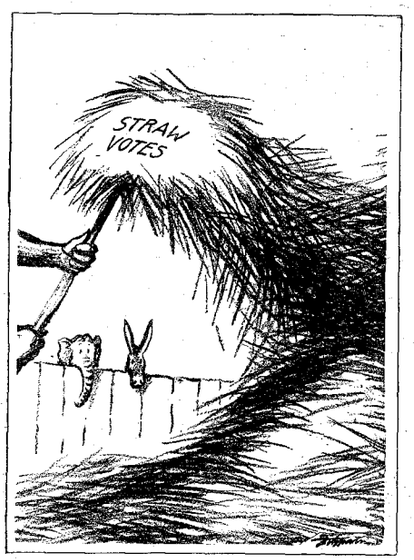

WHICH WAY IS THE WIND BLOWING?
—Fitzpatrick in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

other State thus far in the President's column, gives him 712 to Landon's 618.

Indiana turns in 2,542 Republican votes against 1,690 for the New Deal.

Perhaps most interesting of all are the supplementary returns from other States canvassed in the first figures—New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

In the first two States, the Republican standard-bearer just about managed to hold his earlier margin of superiority. The New York totals jumped from 5,931 against 2,724 to 16,715 against 7,194. This still gave Landon a trifle better than two to one. In New Jersey, the totals rose from 2,660 against 1,621 to 9,402 against 5,733—a slight drop in percentage for Landon.

But in Pennsylvania, where New Deal leaders professed to feel assured that Governor Earle's popularity, plus John L. Lewis's rallying of the miners' vote to the President, would put the State in the Democratic column for the first time since the War Between the States, the Kansas Governor increased his more than two to one lead appreciably. First figures were 5,634 to 2,778; second returns, 14,989 to 6,853.

"X" Factor—Thus the second week's tabulation introduces fresh excitement, new figures, some shifting of strength. Once again it reflects the personal element in politics, in connection with the changing scene in Minnesota. It gives a foretaste of current feeling in the drought-stricken Middle-West and in the traditionally Solid South. And it pushes Representative William Lemke farther into the limelight as an "unknown factor."

Meanwhile, tens of thousands of new ballots stream into THE DIGEST offices. Next week's totals may paint an entirely different picture in one of the most dramatic Presidential contests the nation ever has witnessed.

THEY MEET: At Drought Parley Candidate Roosevelt and Candidate Landon Shake Hands

Iowa's brisk, white-haired Governor, Clyde Herring, neatly handled a poser in etiquette last week that would have stumped Emily Post.

Returning East in his air-conditioned "Dust-Bowl Special" train from Salt Lake City, where he had attended the funeral of Secretary of War Dern, President Roosevelt arrived in Des Moines, Iowa's Capital, at noon on September 3.

A little later an automobile which had been purring for 270 miles across the parched prairies since early morning arrived from Topeka, bearing Governor Landon of Kansas. He had stopped only at a basement barber shop at Leon for a shave and at an auto camp outside Des Moines to pick up his press and police escort.

With the President were a handful of New Deal officials. With the Governor were agricultural experts from Kansas State College. Meanwhile, Governors from five other States—Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Missouri—had arrived.

Fried Chicken—The two most conspicuous guests were driven separately through bunting-bedecked streets to the State Capitol. Crowds already gathered for the State Fair (the same State Fair which Philip Stong immortalized in his novel) lined the streets and cheered as they passed, trying not to show partiality.

Past the blooming canna-lily beds outside the Capitol, the President and the Governor were led through marble corridors and up by a newly-painted elevator to the Executive Suite.

There they met. Among three-score other guests, without placecards, without diplomatic folderol, they ate a fried chicken luncheon and chatted cordially about fishing, travel and the heat.

Nowhere along the line was any attention called to the fact uppermost in most minds—that these two men were rival candidates for the Presidency. Undue recognition of their presence by partizans would give the event a political flavor which all concerned were at pains to avoid. A bronze bust of the President had even been removed from Governor Herring's office. Governor Herring's record as a mellow good mixer, and the easy informality of the two major guests, cleared the air of any awkward concerns over precedence or courtesies of State.

Many newspaper writers breathlessly recorded the occasion as unique. But the Chicago *Tribune* recalled a meeting between William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan in Chicago during the 1908 campaign at a banquet. In a political oration, Mr. Bryan paid high tribute to the character of his opponent.

"I reciprocate the sentiments of my opponent," Mr. Taft responded. "Perhaps when I have run for President as many times as he has I will be leather-lunged, too."

Mr. Taft then read a long, dry paper on jurisprudence.

During the 1932 campaign, Mr. Hoover rejected Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for a waterways conference. The two men did meet at the White House a month before the 1933 inauguration to discuss War debts, but that was after Mr. Roosevelt had been elected.

After the Des Moines luncheon, the guests entered Governor Herring's office through massive oaken doors. Casually seated in the ornate, heavily draped, thickly carpeted office, Governor Herring, who could draw on his own past as a rancher and farmer in Colorado and Iowa, and his guests talked about the drought and farm problems.

Their Problems—They tackled the immediate emergency created by the third year of the most ruinous drought in the nation's history, the problem of next winter and the necessity of long-range agricultural planning. They knew that they represented only a part of the official drought area which had spread over one-third of the Continent, through twenty-two States extending from the Canadian border almost to Mexico and eastward to the South Atlantic seaboard.

The President was equipped with first-hand notes gathered on his tour of the preceding days—a tour which carried him across the seared plains and into the very barnyards of drought-sufferers.

The Governor of Kansas could tell of what had been done in his own State, one

Wide World

Gov. Clyde Herring of Iowa: he welcomed a President, and six other Governors

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of three designated in their entirety as emergency drought territory. On June 5, 1934, he had sent to President Roosevelt a letter advocating Federal-State cooperation for water conservation. His renewed suggestions last week on soil-erosion and storage reservoirs tallied with some which had come from the President, except that Governor Landon had stressed the importance of individual effort in combating the crisis.

Second Meeting—After the gathering in the Capitol, the President went back to his private car and Governor Landon to his quiet hotel suite. Later that evening the Governor sat at the President's left at an intimate dinner in the Presidential private car. Then they parted—back to their desks and their campaigns.

"AS MAINE GOES—":

Accuracy as Barometer Challenged, But Vote to Be Watched

Climatic temperatures sag, but political temperatures shoot skyward in the State of Maine after Labor Day. The reason is simple and familiar: Maine is the only State in the country which, in Presidential years, holds a State-wide election in September as well as one in November.

"As Maine goes, so goes the nation," runs the ancient slogan which makes the State a national political barometer. It has been disproved often.

Nevertheless, it still is believed by innumerable editors as well as ordinary voters. Certainly no politician ever failed to claim that a September swing to his Party in Maine forecast a November swing to it in the nation. To lay a basis for the claim, and, incidentally, to stimulate campaign workers and contributors everywhere, the two Parties turn on the heat early in Maine and keep increasing it until the polls are open.

Early Heat—This year, the heat went on early in August, with all the usual accompaniments. From Aroostook to York went the haranguing, hand-shaking candidates for Senator, Governor, and lesser offices in a series of whirlwind tours. Political rallies, sometimes fifty a week, roused the voters; placards admonished them; house-to-house canvasses sounded their sentiments. Into the State poured bigwig outsiders, beseeching Maine's mill-workers, fishermen and farmers to go Republican (or Democratic) on September 14 and so prove that the nation will go Republican (or Democratic) in November.

Frank Knox, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Hamilton Fish, Jr., ornamented the Republican speakers' schedule; Gov. George H. Earle of Pennsylvania; Gov. Paul V. McNutt of Indiana and Ambassador John Cudahy were scheduled for the Democrats. By last week, when Colonel Knox invaded the State in his special campaign train, the oratory was going full tilt.

But, more than on oratory, the Democrats are relying on Gov. Louis J. Brann to carry Maine. Governor Brann carried it in September, 1932, tho Roosevelt lost it two months later, and carried it again in 1934. This year he is out for Senator.

Vote-Getter—No one denies he is the strongest Democratic vote-getter Republican Maine has ever had. "The Jimmie

Acme

Gov. Louis J. Brann: Democrats rely on him, not oratory, to carry Maine

Walker of Lewiston," they call him; he has been Mayor of that city five times. Partial to immaculate blue or gray double-breasted suits, he buys a new one to perk up his spirits in every political campaign. Like Jimmie Walker, he has a sense of the whimsical and the dramatic; he conferred military titles on Gene Tunney and Rudy Vallee and has done more than any one else to popularize the concept of Maine as "vacationland."

Easy to meet, he makes friends rapidly, particularly among Republicans. In his present campaign he woos them by refusing to speak "from any partizan standpoint," warms them by conceding that there have been waste and extravagance in the Roosevelt policies.

Yet he boasts of the Federal funds he has attracted to the State and is hot for Maine's $37,000,000 Passamaquoddy tide-harnessing project. To many Republicans, Quoddy is the most horrible example of New Deal extravagance. How Maine's votes will be affected by the recent cessation of work on Quoddy, he would greatly like to know.

Senator Wallace M. White, Jr., his Republican opponent, also advocated the Quoddy project. It was one of his few departures from regular Republicanism. By comparison with Brann, he is considered somewhat colorless and reticent, a man of principles but no nickname.

Brann has defeated him twice—for Mayor of Lewiston. However they come out this time, they will set editors buzzing far and wide. In fact, the editors are buzzing already.

Editorial Buzzing—"On September 14," says the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.), "the old superstition, in vain demolished by scientific study, that as goes Maine so goes the nation, will be revived as usual."

The Boston *Herald* (Rep.) thinks it more than a superstition, saying: "The nation does not always go as goes Maine, but there is some foundation for the belief that the Maine straw of September points the way the national wind will be blowing in November. A thumping big Republican majority stimulates the G.O.P. throughout the country. A Democratic sweep elevates Democratic spirits. A normal Republican victory is a sign of normal voting in other States."

"An impressive victory in Maine," the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) agrees, "would bolster Republican confidence as nothing else would do."

POLITICAL PARADOX:

Republican Offers $1,000 for Roosevelt Praise—to Attack It

Republicans twirled their radio dials anxiously one night last week, fearing that they might have tuned in on the wrong station by chance.

At that hour each night they had sat comfortably beside their radios and nodded in agreement while William Hard riddled this or that foible of the New Deal. But this night they heard, in what seemed to be the usual well-modulated tone and precise phrases of their commentator:

"One thousand dollars in prizes for the three best letters on 'Why I am for Roosevelt.' "

Editor's View—The idea, altho "introducing new notions in political strategy," does have "ingenious possibilities" for Alton Cook, Radio Editor of the New York *World-Telegram*, who observes: "For one thing, if Hard can interest good Democrats in writing letters, he probably would also get them listening to his programs of pro-Republican propaganda. And when the prize-winning letters are selected, he can topple over amateur writers with political expertness."

Barely had Republicans ceased gasping at Mr. Hard's tactic than Democrats learned that Brig. Gen. Hugh Johnson, who has frequently had harsh words to say about the New Deal, would speak this week-end at Buffalo for the candidacy of President Roosevelt.

The week's developments considerably livened the campaign, juxtaposing two political individualists—Mr. Hard's calm, analytic exposition against General Johnson's hot, dramatic expletive. Neither is a

William Hard: Republican's commentator distrusts New Deal liberalism.

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standpatter. Both are articulate. Their shots can't be called.

William Hard was born in Painted Post, New York, schooled in America, England and India. He wrote editorials for the Chicago *Tribune* and then became assistant to the Commissioner of Public Works in Chicago. Next he began writing political articles for magazines and books and established a reputation as a political fighter and thinker.

In Herbert Hoover's camp until 1930, he deserted when he became impatient with what he considered the Republican President's failure to take a stand on prohibition, the World Court and the depression. He couldn't go along with the New Deal because he regarded it as a fake liberalism. Now he gives his services to the Republican National Committee, believing that Governor Landon is a truer liberal than President Roosevelt.

Fighting General—Hugh Johnson rarely pulls a punch, whether it hits friend or foe.

He was born in Kansas. At sixteen he tried to run away to the Spanish-American War. He was the youngest student at West Point in 1903, quartermaster for the San Francisco fire refugees in 1906. Since then he has ridden the Oklahoma plains, been an author, poet, soldier and manufacturer.

Colorful phrases pop out of his belligerent face with explosive vehemence. When the feat of writing the Draft Act in 1917 won him the post as Administrator of the National Recovery Act in 1933, he brought to politics his military qualities—a barking voice, cussing and directness. He also brought along some of the sentimentality displayed in his books like "Williams at West Point."

His phrases have sputtered out over the air and in the press (he became a newspaper columnist in 1935 after he resigned his Federal job): "Cracking down"; "dead cats"; "economic kibitzers"; "political termites"; "Social Neanderthals"; "witch-doctors" who were "making incantations" about the NRA.

Flaming Language—He was still in good form last week when he wrote of Governor Landon:

"He is going to gamble on his guileless grin and the low-muttered curses of those afflicted with Franklinophobia, who watch, with sadistic glee, the Voodoo rites of the witch-doctors of that faith as they stick nails and hatpins through the Roosevelt effigy and invoke the brazen bowels of fire-eating Mammon for his immolation."

If not William Hard, others will match his rhetorical flourishes and reply in kind. Already, H. L. Mencken has flung at the Administration such names as "incandescent vacuums," "jitney Marxes," "incurable asses" and "a *Camorra* of quarreling crack-pots."

Name-calling is not a modern manifestation, as two Roosevelt defenders have shown recently.* Washington was called a tyrant, a monarchist, an Anglomaniac, an impostor, a crocodile, a hyena. Jefferson was a "Utopian," an "experimenter" and an "enemy of the public credit." Lincoln was a "third-rate, slam-whanging lawyer," "a vulgar village politician without any experience worth mentioning in the practical duties of statesmanship," and an "illiterate Western boor."

"The rough and tumble of our politics began early," these writers note. "May it long continue, for issues and men are of first importance. If the day should come when we no longer dispute them with vigor, then fears for our country would be real. But urging the freest possible discussion is not to defend cave-man technique, with no holds barred, nor any weapons banned. In a prize-ring, the eye-gouger and groin-smasher is no longer tolerated. In the political-economic arena he still flourishes."

*The Eagle Screams. Coley Taylor and Samuel Middlebrook. The Macaulay Company, New York.

OYSTERS AGAIN: Bumper Crop Produced as Their Fame Spreads More Widely Over World

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need;
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good, indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."
—"Through the Looking Glass"

Like Lewis Carroll's worldly-wise walrus, American gourmets, gourmands and just plain folk picked up their little three-pronged forks on noon of September 1 to commence the annual eighth month-gustatory salute to the oyster. Once again bluepoints, Robbins Islands, Cape Cods, Lynnhavens, Chincoteagues, Oyster Bays, Rappahannocks, Chesapeakes, Mattitucks and Narragansetts became names of importance at the top of every menu.

Promised a bumper season of the popular sea food, housewives began thinking in terms of half-shells, oyster cocktails, and the thirty some odd ways in which the "monarch of shellfish" can be broiled, roasted, fried, panned, baked or stewed.

Ages Old—The oyster has a lengthy tradition, having appeared as early as 80 B.C. in Rome when boats brought back cargoes from Britain. Writers through the ages have told of the palate-tickling abilities of this sea food. "Diamond Jim" Brady considered it a matter of course to stow away three dozen before attacking a few chops or a couple of steaks.

In the days of Charles Dickens, widespread verses urged citizens to partake of the delicacy. "In oyster days, there is nothing to fear; taste on the first day, you are good for a year." Also: "By chance the first day puts them out of your power, eat double the quantity every hour; the effect will assuredly prove near the same, and cure every ill that the doctors can name."

American Indians dried, smoked and strung oysters on twigs for barter purposes. Early colonists soon realized the possibilities and created a sizable trade in them. To-day the industry is the second largest in American fishing; representing about $6,224,000 annually to fishermen.

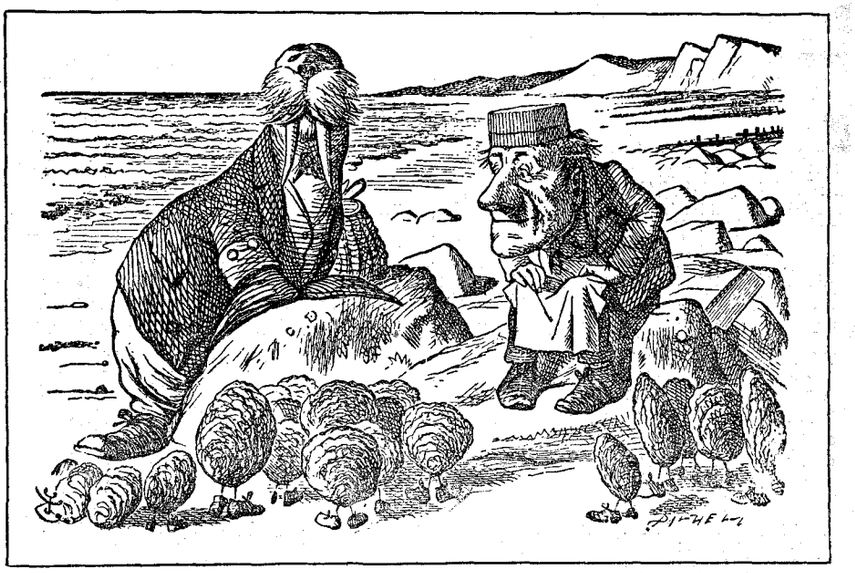
Operating on the Atlantic, Gulf of Mexico and Pacific Coasts, the oyster commands a fleet of some 3,500 boats and schooners and gives employment to more than 35,000 persons.

Envy of the world, this American grown mollusk is a highly cultivated animal. Sensitive to vagaries of man, fish or nature, he is the recipient of the most delicate care from the time of spawning till he appears, still alive, in the kitchen. Oyster fishermen are a superstitious lot because of his delicate nature, and usually found to be most religious.

"On what God sends to feed the oyster, depends our livelihood," said one old tar. Only last month, Cap'n Cobus Kwaak of the Bluepoint Oyster Fleet was pessimistic. The seventy-one-year-old seaman found that the oysters had grown fat early and were bedding deep. "A sure sign of a severe winter," he sighed.

Years of Growth—It requires from four to six years to produce a good oyster. First the oyster clutch is planted every July. Little more than an old shell, this provides a rough surface for spawning. And a single female oyster can spawn from five to fifteen million eggs a year.

On their first birthday the fittest youngsters are transplanted to an oyster farm. There, they grow up for a couple of years before being taken to still another home. At least another twelve months, often two years, pass before they are harvested. The oyster season, for fishermen and eaters alike, is from September to April. In the summer they are believed too light of weight to be tasty; therefore their year is only during the "r" months. Yet many



Courtesy Macmillan Co.

The Walrus and the Carpenter: they sat down to dine with oysters; Americans dine on them

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fishermen believe this to be a canard—"What does an oyster know about months and spelling?" they ask.

In the early days of September, they are tonged. Long, rake-like instruments, hinged together, are lowered from boats, the jaws opened, closed, and lifted aboard with shellfish scraped from the beds below. Later in the fall, the occupants in deeper beds are dredged.

Cold spells often destroy the early eggs and high floods from rivers can damage the crop in its final stages. In the interim, fishermen must guard their wards against the predatory assaults of other undersea creatures, notably the starfish. A model of sanitary living, the oyster dislikes nothing more than pollution of his waters. Gasoline, sewage and refuse in recent years have ruined hundreds of beds.

Variations in Size—Appearing in markets or restaurants, the bivalves vary in name, size, taste and color. Raised as neighbors in Peconic Bay, Long Island, large oysters are variously known as Mattitucks; medium-sized as bluepoints; the small ones as Cape Cods. The Rappahannocks have a metallic flavor, the Apalachicolas from the Gulf a coppery taste, the Gardiner Islands savor of salt, the Oyster Bays are sweet.

Culture of oysters differs on the Pacific Coast. Cultivated beds are built on terraces of gravel with concrete walls. Two types are found around Puget Sound; the Eastern and Japanese, transplanted from Nippon. Most of the cheaper Gulf of Mexico and Pacific oysters go to forty-six canneries in the South and West.

England long has been famous for the excellence of the Colchester variety. Ten miles up from the North Sea in Essex, Colne river beds produce oysters, the pride of London restaurants. They are unable to supply the demand, however, so others are imported from the United States. As in most European countries, this raises the price of the delicacy so that even moderate Piccadilly restaurants charge from 60 to 65 cents for a half-dozen.

Spreading Fame—Spurred by American tastes, the French in recent years have taken to his sea food, which has pushed frog-legs out of the number one delicacy spot. In contrast to the bulby, gray-looking American oyster, the Frenchman prefers his jade green and pearl-colored succulent.

There was a time when the French never cooked oysters. Then an American introduced M. Alfred Prunier, keeper of a plain oyster shop, to "oyster pan stew." Out of that dish, it is said, grew the most famous sea food restaurant in Europe.

PUZZLE PARTY: Those Who Like Piercing Mazes Meet to Confound Each Other With Twisters

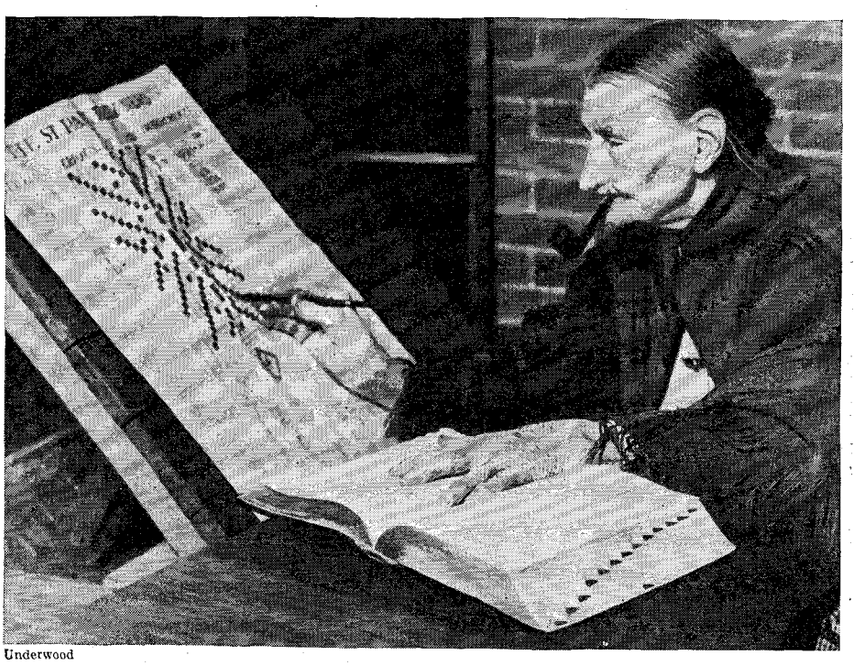
The combined age of Mary and Ann is forty-four. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann. How old is Ann?*

Last week, 150 members of the National Puzzlers' League prepared to gather in Boston to attend the 106th semiannual convention of the organization and to confound one another with twisters such as the late Sam ("the Puzzle King") Loyd's How-Old-Is-Ann problem, the best known brain-teaser in puzzle history.

On the program of the convention, which would be attended by high-school teachers, scientists, bankers, editors and farmers, was a free boat trip down Boston Harbor, scene of the historic Tea Party which proved so highly puzzling to his Majesty George III.

Sphinxtrel Show—The convention promised to be something of a puzzle to proof-readers who would sweat over reporters' accounts of the meeting, for it had on its schedule a Sphinxtrel show presided over by a Sphinxerlocutor, assisted by numerous sphinxesses and sphinxers. The Zem Zem Committee, with *Aristotle* and *Kee Pon* directing, was to do the catering.

*Sixteen and one-half years.



Underwood

A pipe and a cross-word puzzle are enough for this ninety-five-year-old woman's head

Ewing Galloway

Puzzlers begin early: tho not quite up to semi-professional ones, this lad has his worries

Partial explanation of the cryptic descriptions can be gained from the knowledge that the Sphinx, whose enigmatic smile never has been explained, is the mascot of the League. *Kee Pon* and *Aristotle* are Louis C. Hall, of Waldon, Massachusetts, and Fred C. Smythe of Philadelphia. Their *nom de plumes* are typical of those with which puzzlers sign their works of art.

Since it was founded in 1883 by a group of New York puzzle fans who wanted to meet other puzzle fans for the purpose of originating and officially recognizing new brain-teasers, the National Puzzlers' League has grown into a nation-wide organization of some 600 members.

Some Competition—At its conventions, held on Washington's birthday and Labor Day every year, the main attractions are prize-puzzle contests at which the best intellects of the League come to spirited, but good-natured, mental grips. In addition to a public cross-word puzzle contest, the puzzlesmiths wrestle with complicated anagrams and nine-letter cryptograms. This year the League faced the problem of direct competition with the American Cryptogram Association which was to hold its fourth annual convention at the same time and in the same city.

There also is certain business on the convention agenda. The members round up words which they think have passed the tests of time and universal usage and should be raised from the inelegance of slang to the dignity of dictionary recognition. Thus, ten years ago, the League prodded some dictionaries into acceptance of "carefree."

For Lexicographers—New words brought up for consideration this year were "adolesce" as the verb form of the noun "adolescent," and "hooey." These words are used in every-day speech, argued the puzzlers, so why not adopt them legally? Besides broadening the English language, they would broaden the puzzle possibilities in anagrams, cryptograms, forms and so forth.

The League is proud of advances it has made in the world of puzzledom. The types of teaser sponsored by its members, says President *Nedmac* (J. F. Kobus, a retired New Jersey shoe merchant), "are not to be classed with the cross-word, but are of a higher grade and are not to be connected

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in any manner with the term 'child's play.'"

As evidence of the maturity and intellectual appeal of puzzles, the League points to a roster of members which includes Lewis Trent, Assistant Principal of Theodore Roosevelt High School in New York City, and authors Gelett Burgess and Kathleen Norris.

KNOCK-KNOCK: America's Newest Nonsense Craze Ringing in Every One's Ears

Knock! Knock!
Who's there?
Delia.
Delia who?
Delia cards off the top.

Hot weather-bored America played a new punning game this summer, and this week saw no end of it. Popularized by a dance-tune, capitalized upon by advertisers, Hollywood, radio and newspaper columnists with a desire to get to the bottom of the page, knock-knocks are ringing in every one's ears.

College students, worried by examinations, are supposed to have invented the newest pun formula last May. Baltimore, Virginia and Philadelphia all claim credit for knock-knocking first.

In the Quaker City for a June engagement at the Fox Theater, swarthy Vincent Lopez took time out from his orchestra-conducting to go out with Johnny Morris, his chubby drummer, and a couple of girls. The girls howled knock-knocks in the musicians' ears until they were sick.

"Let's end all knock-knocks," snorted Lopez. "Let's write a song about 'em." He and Morris did, on a train bound for Pittsburgh, where two musical youngsters, Jimmy Tyson and Bill Davies, helped polish up the lyrics of the novelty.

The same week, in New York, Lopez called up one of Tin Pan Alley's foremost publishers, Leo Feist, Inc. He talked to the short, round thickly freckled professional manager, Chester Cohn.

On the Air—"I want to register a title: 'Knock-knock, who's there?'" said Lopez. Cohn yawned. "I'm going to play it on the air Monday night," the orchestra leader said, humming a few bars over the phone.

Tuesday morning calls woke him too early (he rehearses until five o'clock in the morning). Publishers wanted the song. "I just want it for my own radio song," insisted Lopez. But in stepped Cohn.

"I registered it for you. It's a natural. We'll publish it." The same week it was printed, began to sell all over the country. "I told you so," said Cohn. "This is the first time in the history of the popular music publishing business that a song has come before a popular gag." As fast as he went West to "plug" the song, he found the gags preceded him.

Craze-minded, Paramount made a short subject. Lopez and Hal Kemp both made records of the song. It got so thick on the radio that Columbia Broadcasting Company, after a few suggestive puns had been worked in with the song, banned it from sustaining programs (night-clubs, restaurants, dance-halls), made it strictly a commercial program song.

Every time it's played, a new version is used. Samples:

LITERARY DIGEST Photo

Johnny Morris is dizzy: Vincent Lopez has just "knock-knocked" him for helping write the song

Hiawatha. Hiawatha fool over you.
Tarzan. Tarzanstripes forever.
Diesel. Diesel be your last chance.
Astor. Astor if she kept a diary.
Welcome. Welcome up and see me some time.
Valencia. Valencia buck, would you pay it back?
Minerva. Minervasa wreck from all these knock-knocks.

No Worries—Orchestra-leaders have no worries about new gags. Newspapers in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco award cash prizes to readers for new knock-knocks. Lopez offered twenty-five miniature pianos as prizes, got 5,000 letters full of knock-knocks. Little girls, college professors, housewives, soda-clerks, garage mechanics—all sent in knock-knocks.

In staid Boston last week, a police sergeant heard a new one, according to the Boston *Globe*. He stopped an automobile driver, Paul Lezelter.

"Who owns this car?" the policeman asked.
"Ida."
"Ida who?"
"I dunno," said Lezelter.
"Now come on, who owns the car?"
"Ida."
"Ida who?"
"I describe her."

The sergeant, annoyed and mystified, made Lezelter drive him to the home of the mysterious Ida. On the door-plate was the name, "Ida Schreiber."

Boltonesque Label—But the first newspaper mention of knock-knocks was in New York's sporting paper, *The Morning Telegraph*, on July 29. There *Beau Broadway* (Whitney Bolton), writing in "The Town in Review" column, labeled it "a devastating mania and a mental disease."

Heywood Broun in "It Seems to Me" (United Feature Syndicate, Inc.), claimed last week: "The best knock-knock was made up by me. It goes 'Knock-knock. Who's there? A gang of vigilantes armed with machine-guns, leather straps and brass knuckles to thump the breath out of anybody who persists in playing this blame fool knock-knock game.'"

Other unorthodox queries: "Who's there? Boo. Boo who? What are you crying about?"

"Knock knock. Who's there? Opportunity. You can't fool me. Opportunity only knocks once."

Nonsense crazes usually die an early death. Handies, the absurd What's This? game, supposedly started in a Kansas high school last spring, had to give way to knock-knocks. Before that college and high-school students were telling *Little Audrey* stories. And before that, it was the custom to go around shouting "Where's Elmer?"

That all began in 1931 at an American Legion Convention in Detroit, when a delegate named Elmer didn't arrive, and fellow-Legionnaires broadcast their search for him. The newest craze, sped up by the song, is on its way out. As Lopez and Morris chanted the other night:

"Knock-knock. Who's there? Osgood. Osgood who?

"Osgood and tired of the whole darned game."

COLUMNISTS WATCH THE CANDIDATES

Varying Campaign Techniques Described by Political Writers

Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard Feature Service, in twenty-three newspapers: "It is not an easy thing to run for President against a President, a Roosevelt and prosperity all combined. Unless that is kept in mind, the skill with which Governor Landon is conducting his campaign will not be appreciated. Roosevelt is making the most of the fact that he is President of the United States. It would be asking too much to expect otherwise. In his capacity as the Nation's Chief Executive, he is traveling constantly on 'non-political' tours, on which he appears before vast crowds in State after State, not as a Presidential candidate haranguing for votes, but as the Great White Father from whom all blessings flow.

"Without having to resort to a single political note, any President who is as engaging as Roosevelt automatically reaps the glory when he moves about the country. People see him and are won. Dispatches from his train in the West report that when he sees a large number of children around the end of his private car at a stop, he remarks that it looks like a Roosevelt town. That was one of the sure-fire greetings which he used for one-minute train stops in his 1932 campaign."

Ashmun Brown, in the Providence *Journal*: "The one theme the President has developed in his brief speeches has been that it is wise to spend money to save money. Nothing in the news dispatches indicates that this philosophy has met with the widespread approval of his auditors. He has extended friendly sympathy to drought sufferers, but has been met along the line with the somewhat resentful presentation of evidence that his subordinates have grossly exaggerated the drought situation. Moreover, evidences of extravagance and

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waste in Federal spending in the very region he traverses likewise are being uncovered and stressed as he travels."

Jay Franklin, Des Moines Register and Tribune Syndicate, in forty-five newspapers: "Most of us did not anticipate a falling off in the Landon build-up much before Labor Day. It came early in August. From now on, Alf will be increasingly the forgotten man of this campaign. He started the campaign with two good—*i.e.*, real—issues. The first was to offer the public *King Log* instead of *King Stork*, the commonplace instead of the dramatic. . . . The other issue was what poor old Hoover calls 'the American system.'

"A lot of very decent people had allowed themselves to be persuaded that Roosevelt, by hook or crook, was leading us to a collectivist dictatorship. Unfortunately, in their zeal to stop the New Deal, the Republicans tied the tin can of 'States' rights' to the elephant's tail and proposed a 'stop the spending' program in State and Federal Administrations. And then came the drought—the worst in our history—to make 'States' rights' spell suicide for the prairie farmers and the free spending of relief funds the only way of cushioning the disaster. The result was the collapse of the Landon campaign."

Paul Mallon, North American Newspaper Alliance, in 300 newspapers: "You may have noticed the scene at the President's first pause on his non-political drought trip. It was at Willard, Ohio, and it was only a pause, because the White House announced the first stop would be Bismarck, North Dakota. However, engine and train crews must change. The train paused for operating purposes. Mr. Roosevelt did, also. He asked the crowd around the back platform how things were out there, and received the snappy response: 'All right, since you have been in.'

"This is the new campaign style which causes admiring chuckles from all in his entourage. He used it first on his flood trip through Pennsylvania and New York a few weeks ago. He made no political talks, did no hand-shaking, but at each town he would invariably appear and observe: 'Things certainly look a lot different around here since I was last here in 1932,' or, if he had not visited the community in 1932, he would ask the crowd how things were."

Franklyn Waltman, Washington Post News Service: "Altho the existing drought in the Great Plains has been overdramatized in some respects, the immediate prospect is not as hopeless as some New Dealers would have us believe. This catastrophe has had the inevitable value of concentrating attention on the serious deterioration of one of the nation's great natural reservoirs which has been going on for a century or more. Even tho it is tinged with a political flavor, President Roosevelt's tour of these drought-seared plains, for the day at least, is serving the laudable purpose of making the country conscious of the ramifications of what is happening here, the magnitude of the problem and the urgent necessity for scientific, intelligent and prompt action on a broad scale. And yet, with human nature what it is—not much different here [South Dakota] than in the stock brokerage offices of Wall Street—this very section, as well as the country as a whole, promptly would forget about this problem if next year heavy rains soaked these plains."

Topics in Brief

JESSE OWENS, they say, holds his breath in the stretch. That's where politicians waste theirs.—*Toledo Blade.*

IF P. T. Barnum were alive to-day he wouldn't start a circus. He would start a "movement" at twenty-five cents each.—*American Lumberman.*

SOME critics of the Secretary of Agriculture have called him Lord Corn Wallace. But nobody is likely to dub him Chief Cornplanter.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

MR. FARLEY has been quite active, but in a political way. Our surmise, that he would put in the furlough cramming for a postal civil-service exam, was a mistake. —*Barron's.*

A SOUTHERN newspaper prints a biography of William Lemke, and it could have, without any risk, closed it with the remark that he once ran for President.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

A NATIONAL health authority advocates health examinations this year for all children returning to school. Imagine the disappointment of many a boy to find there is nothing the matter with him!—*Sacramento Bee.*

THAT New York rector who proposes a two-year moratorium on preaching probably reasons that the human race is so stubborn, cussed and contrary it would start going to church the minute it was told there wasn't any.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal.*

IT is not inappropriate that the Federal Treasury, under the New Deal, is issuing 25,000 silver half-dollars bearing the profile of Phineas T. Barnum, the world's greatest showman. It was Barnum who said that a new sucker was born every minute.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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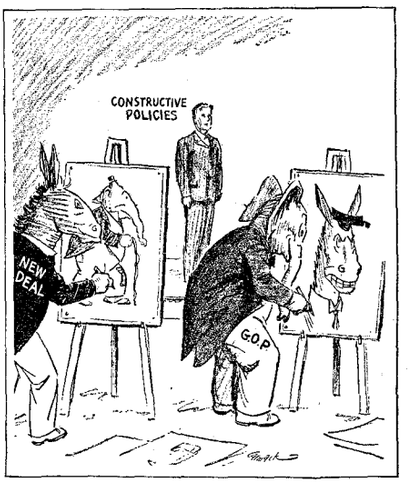
BETTER BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE THINGS
—Hutton in Philadelphia Inquirer



TOO PRONE TO NEGLECT THE MODEL
—Carmack in Christian Science Monitor

IN Boston a truck crashed into a barbershop. The fellow who always misses out on excitement of this kind was under a hot towel.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

COLONEL KNOX is proud to serve as first mate to Governor Landon. Mr. Roosevelt, no doubt, will be pleased to act as checkmate.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

JUPITER, we learn, has not one moon, but ten. We are trying to visualize a choir of Kate Smiths helping the same over the mountains.—*Newark (Ohio) Advocate.*

AT the rendezvous with destiny, of which Mr. Roosevelt has spoken, we can only hope that destiny will be agreeable to renewing our ninety-day note.—*Detroit News.*

THERE may be something in the assertion that Il Duce deserves high praise for preserving the peace of Europe. Any war he has in mind he considerately takes elsewhere.—*Boston Herald.*

WE hear that the blistering weather has brought great suffering to Western politicians. The statesman who keeps his ear to the ground gets it broiled.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

BABIES to-day run more risk than those of yesteryear. Modern babies often get burned by cigarettes, while fifty years ago a baby never got burned except when he picked up grandma's pipe.—*Florida Times Union*

MAN isn't so smart. Thousands of years before he began to have afternoon headaches from trying to think, the turtle had a stream-lined body, turret-top, retractable landing gear, and a portable house.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

THAT pair of dusty marble bathtubs in the lower regions of the national Capitol, thus far defying explanation, may be the ones in which the promised clean-up of patronage was to have been undertaken.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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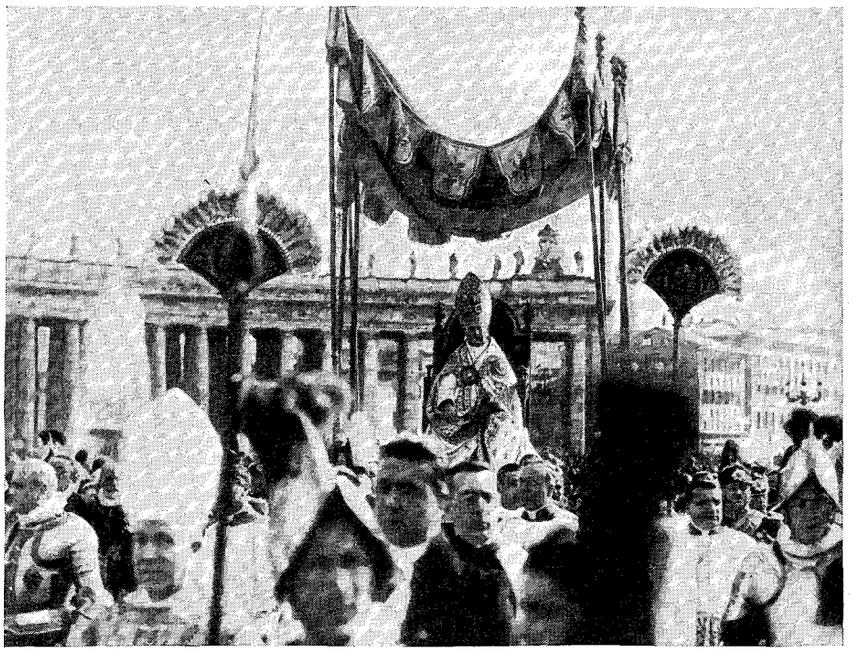
RED TERROR IN SPAIN GRIEVES POPE

Tho on Verge of Illness, Pontiff Prays Incessantly for Peace



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Pope Pius XI in the royal portable chair: he usually wears a simple white robe

Priests and nuns killed, bishops burned alive or chained in the streets during bombing raids, churches put to the torch and the Holy Sacrament desecrated. Nowhere do the horrors of the Spanish civil war strike more heavily than in a palace high among Italy's Alban hills, where an aging man has grieved to the verge of illness.

At times Pope Pius XI, supreme ruler of 300,000,000 Roman Catholics, breathes and speaks with difficulty. Guards who formerly paced back and forth now stand at attention outside his door so as not to disturb his fitful slumber.

After audiences, he rises from his Throne with such pain that physicians fear he may soon lose the power of walking. A prelate revealed his ailment as endocarditis, a heart inflammation which confined the Pope's brother, Fermo Ratti, to an invalid's chair a year before his death.

Yet every morning the seventy-nine-year-old Pontiff, clad in black and silver vestments, celebrates a requiem mass for the "innocent victims" of the Spanish terror. On the walls of the private chapel hangs a painting he commissioned, depicting the defeat of the Bolshevik Army at the gates of Warsaw in 1920.

Red Hater—As Papal Nuncio to Poland, at that time he was the only envoy who refused to leave the besieged city. Then, too, he acquired a loathing for Communism.

As Pope, he saw the Church in the Soviet Union, Mexico, and, now, Spain and South America, menaced by the Reds, and launched a battle against the "doctrine of the Godless" which made him and the church the doctrine's foremost antagonists. At his direction, all priests and members of religious orders pray incessantly for "the return of peace in Spain."

Most of them, inspired by *L'Osservatore Romano,* Vatican organ, hope for a Fascist victory over the Left, and Spanish and foreign prelates have contributed their funds to that cause.

The Pope's crusade against the Reds tended to overshadow his greatest achievement—the Lateran Accord with Italy in February, 1929. From 1870, when Italian troops seized the Capital of Catholicism to make it the chief city of a united Italy, no Pope had left the sprawling Vatican Palace. After conversations which lasted more than four years, Pius XI won from Mussolini recognition of his historic temporal power. The Pope kept his demands to a minimum, it was said, because he felt like a father negotiating with his own children.

As a consequence of the treaty, Vatican City, a mile-square area on the edge of Rome, became an independent State, with its own post-office, currency and police force. Thereafter the Pope left his Palace for a visit to the Church of St. John Lateran, while jubilant Italians cheered, and later journeyed in his American limousine to Castel Gandolfo for summer vacations.

Grand Court—A portly man whose brown eyes beam kindly behind thick lenses, the Pope maintains the only grand court left in Europe. A ritual stricter than the Hapsburgs' determines the costumes of the mantilla-draped women and tail-coated men who kiss his ring.

As he sways above kneeling crowds on the *sedia gestatoria* (royal portable chair) his triple-tiered crown gleams with 700 jewels. Attendants precede him with ostrich-feather fans and, behind, the Cardinals march in scarlet and ermine.

No one knows the Pope's wealth definitely, tho his annual income has been placed at $15,000,000. The treasures of his art museums are beyond price.

In spite of his inestimable riches, however, the Pope's private life is simple. While the Swiss Guards who attend him wear the gorgeous blue and gold uniforms Michelangelo designed, the Holy Father usually wears one of two ten-year-old white robes. He never has in his possession the bronze coins of his State, and the cost of his meals —breakfast of rolls and coffee, a light luncheon and supper of soup and egg—is about twenty-five cents a day.

His simplicity recalls his origin. Ambrose Damien Achille Ratti was born at Dessio on the Lombardy Plain, the fourth of seven children of a silk-factory manager whose ancestors had been weavers for 500 years. At ten he entered a seminary and after twelve years' study he was ordained a priest in 1889. His outstanding ability as a linguist and student of theology, history and science won him a scholarship in Rome, whence he was called to direct the Ambrosian Library in Milan. Appointment as Vatican Librarian followed.

Red Hat—The aristocratic Pope Benedict XV, singling out the scholar as a close friend, drew him from the cloistered life and hurled him into post-War diplomacy at Warsaw. There his success won him a Cardinal's red hat.

Seven months later, in February, 1922, he heard, with tears streaming down his brown checks, that his fellow Cardinals had named him Pope. By an odd coincidence, the man who is weakened by worry over the international situation assumed the name of the gentle Pius X, who died broken-hearted on the outbreak of the War.

A voluntary prisoner in the Vatican, the new Pontiff had to relinquish his favorite pastime, mountain-climbing. Lured to the high Alps from youth, he had scaled Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc. After his elevation, he sent the first Mount Everest climbers a nostalgic prayer: "May God, who dwells in the heights, bless the expedition."

Thenceforth his own exercise was confined to strolls in his palm-shaded gardens, but with unflagging mental energy, he flung himself into the modernization of the Vatican. Breaking all precedents, he broadcast his blessing to the world. Sometimes he talked into the telephone he ordered installed, using a solid gold receiver, or witnessed sports pictures in his own movie studio.

He often referred sadly to the days "when we were more elastic than we are now." As he told visitors last week: "We are not only getting old in years, but we are actually old . . . (our years) represent a weighty burden which imposes weighty thoughts."

DYING SPANIARDS: Civil Warfare Goes on, With Grim Slaughter by Both Sides

A French peasant woman last week peeped apprehensively round the corner of her stone house on the bluff above Behobia, as sweating, bare-backed Moors and red-bereted Carlist boys blasted their way foot by foot toward the Spanish border town of Irun. At each dust-spurt kicked up by a stray bullet, she started. For at that very corner, sixty-three years before, her grandmother had been killed by a stray bullet from a battle between a previous generation of Carlists and an earlier Spanish Republic.

For four years, those nineteenth century

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Carlists slaughtered other Spaniards in a vain effort to put Don Carlos VII, Duke of Madrid, on the Throne.

They destroyed the Republic, tho the Throne went, not to Don Carlos, but to Alfonso XII.

To-day, the Spanish Republic is still, by some miracle, alive. But as the civil war entered its eighth week, the cost in human lives piled up.

Conservative estimates placed the toll at 70,000 dead (40,000 "executed"), 38,000 widowed, 77,000 orphaned. All without decisive gains for either side.

In the North, Rebel Carlists and Foreign Legionnaires had at the end of seven weeks shot, bombed and grenaded their way into Irun, gateway to San Sebastian, swank Summer resort of 84,000 population on the Bay of Biscay. Still to clear, before they could turn their backs on the North and their faces toward Madrid, were 200 miles of coast-line, including the cities of Tolosa, Bilbao, Santander and Gihon, all held by the most fanatically loyal of the Republic's defenders—the miners of Asturias Province.

Bayonet Drive—But behind the Rebels, victorious at Irun, Loyalist columns from Barcelona had bayoneted their way into Huesca in the Province of Aragon. And as Irun is the gateway to San Sebastian, Huesca is the gateway to Zaragoza, important Rebel-held city of 184,000 on the Ebro River.

Rebels winning locally here, Loyalists locally there; so it went all over Spain. Rebels were battering their way into Malaga, Government naval base nearest Gibraltar and city of 188,000; and behind them Government troops had captured the power-plant of the stronghold Granada, site of the Alhambra, and were within firing-range of that Rebel-held city of 118,000.

In Central Spain, Col. Juan Yaguez and a Rebel column were inching toward Toledo, where 1,300 of their friends, wasted by hunger, were besieged by Loyalists in the massive citadel, the Alcazar. Progress, Colonel Yaguez insisted; but admitted that while his men were clearing the hills ahead and along the road on either side near Talavera de la Reina, his rear-guard, thirty miles behind, was fighting off attacks near Orohesa. That, even with rapid progress, the rescue would succeed was a dismal hope.

Loyalists were mining the heavy walls of the Alcazar, threatening to explode twenty tons of dynamite and blow the structure to dust if the Rebels arrived before their light cannons crumbled its historic walls.

Capital Bombings—In the air as on the earth, slaughter stalemated slaughter. Certainly Rebel planes bombing Irun aided the Rebels' advance in the northwest corner of Spain; and four moonlight bombings of Madrid, in one of which Karl von Wiegand, ace Hearst correspondent, diving for a cellar, found Floyd Gibbons, ace Hearst thrill-hunter, already there, made the Spanish Capital as uncomfortable as was Paris under German bombings twenty years ago.

But the day after the fourth bombing, Madrid planes ended them by finding and blowing up in great clouds of smoke the hidden airdrome from which the Rebel bombers came.

That huge trimotored bombers could, incredible as it seems, conceal themselves in mountain folds near the Capital is easier to believe when it is known that within fifty miles of Madrid are valleys of isolation so complete that Spaniards in them have never seen so simple a mechanical device as the wheel of a wheelbarrow, and are probably at this moment unaware of the existence of a war.

Meanwhile Madrid is fêting its first air hero, Garcia de LaCalle, credited with downing in flames two Rebel bombers and with driving a Rebel pursuit plane to earth. What de LaCalle's plane was, dispatches do not say; but his two bomber-victims were identified as trimotored Italian Capronis, and the pursuit-plane pilot, who shot himself to avoid capture, was identified as Ernesto Monico, Italian, in a brand new Fiat.

Gaiety Amid Chaos—First newspaper men to leave Madrid for the outside world were amazed to hear Rebel reports that the city is a bloody, hungry chaos. On the contrary, they report, at least between air raids and until the Government curfew sounds at eleven, cafés and amusement places are full; food, fruit and drink are plentiful. Life is almost normal, too normal in fact, to please the Government, which, like Governments in the World War, has begun issuing scathing denunciations of the "battles of the cafés."

Last week, to restore a proper grimness, they marched 100,000 newly-trained militia troops through the streets, then ordered them away, part toward the south to stem the Rebel advance in the region of Toledo, and part to the near-by Guadarrama front, quiet these days, to relieve youthful veterans of the line complaining that they have not had a change of clothing for weeks.

Beyond Spain's frontiers, threat of general, immediate European war has subsided. No one could cap Mussolini's boast that Italy could instantly mobilize 8,000,000 men.

Wary Neutrals—Even Portugal, tongue in cheek after flinging nearly 2,000 fleeing Loyalists back across the frontier unarmed, to be machine-gunned by Rebels in the Badajos bull-ring, agreed to keep hands off.

And America, after a last warning that U. S. citizens could not be protected (a warning which 154 in Madrid ignored), gave American ships instructions (if not orders) to risk no more bombardments by Spanish planes which can not distinguish foreign men-of-war from their own.

Nazi Germany, suspected of too strong sympathy with the Rebels, repeated expressions of readiness to "cooperate" with the International Non-Intervention Committee in London, while eleven refugee ambassadors at Saint Jean de Luz, within earshot of the butchery at Irun, continued attempts to persuade the combatants that their war should be more humane.

© International

Villagers fleeing with salvaged possessions before Spanish Rebels' advance

PILOT DROPPED: Rumania's Brilliant Foreign Minister, Titulescu, Backs Wrong Horse

At Cap Martin, on the flowering French Riviera, the cleverest living Rumanian, Nicolas Titulescu, sulked last week-end, while from Bucharest to Berlin his enemies rejoiced.

Premier George Tatarescu had dropped the tall, Mongol-visaged Foreign Minister "like a servant who had outlived his usefulness," as Frederick T. Birchall wirelessed to the New York *Times*. While Titulescu, a victim of malaria, was recuperating in France, the Premier suddenly had submitted his resignation.

At King Carol's request, he formed another Cabinet the same day. As a sensational result of the political sleight of hand, only the Foreign Minister failed to reappear with his portfolio.

For four years, Titulescu had served his country with practically unequaled brilliance in Bucharest, Geneva and Paris. As Minister to the Court of St. James's during most of the 1920's, his wit and perfect English had won him fame.

But his distinction dates from the beginning of the century when, a foreigner, he ranked first in his examinations at the Paris Law School. Few Frenchmen, his Parisian admirers say, can surpass him as an orator in their language. A master of winter sports, and a gourmet with a cellar famous throughout Central Europe,

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Acme

Nicholas Titulescu, cleverest living Rumanian, backed wrong horse and lost job

Titulescu remained the old-style gentleman-diplomat.

Wrong Horse—His trouble was that he backed the wrong horse—France, not Nazi Germany. He had put all his money on the Little Entente, that shaky post-War alliance of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania whose safety depends on the support of Paris. Two months ago, the Rumanian Government, haunted by the nightmare of German expansion through the Balkans, commissioned Titulescu to raise an arms loan. The Czech Skoda Works offered munitions credits, not cash, and the French Government balked at raising the $3,750,000 loan he sought. Powerful pro-Germans in the Cabinet raged, for the Reich had promised to build arms plants in Rumania.

Meanwhile, the Rumanian Iron Guard, a Fascist group reputedly financed by German Nazis, instituted a reign of terror. The band, which flaunts the cornflower instead of the swastika, hails as its leader Corneliu Codreanu, born Zelinski, a picturesque man of thirty-two who gallops into midnight meetings mounted on a white horse.

As a university student, he murdered a police inspector who tried to put an end to his anti-Semitic activities. Acquitted because the crime was political, he continued his assaults on Jews and other *straini* (foreigners.) This summer, he was charged with instigating numerous riots and murders. Titulescu protested that the outrages hampered his negotiations abroad, but the Premier made no attempt to curb them.

Link to Reich—In dropping Titulescu, Tatarescu presumably linked his country's fate with the Reich. Rumania, historically pro-German under Hohenzollern rulers, joined the Allied cause during the War largely on the insistence of the British-born Queen, Marie.

Economically, its interests are with Germany, which buys most of its wheat and oil. Since Adolf Hitler came to power and launched his gigantic rearmament program, the oil purchases have leaped to six times the pre-Hitler figure.

The first decrees of the new Government were drawn from the Nazi book. The Premier announced a compulsory labor service for all youths between eighteen and twenty-one. Moreover, he put an end to university autonomy and gave police the right to enter college buildings, from which they previously had been barred.

On the other hand, Tatarescu promised to disarm and dissolve all Fascist groups, and to suppress riots rigorously. Altho France, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia received assurances that Rumania's friendship would continue unchanged, Germany alone rejoiced.

Press Gloats—*Der Angriff*, Berlin organ of the Labor Front, led the chorus which gloated over the fall of "the friend of the Bolshevists."

Germans believed that the establishment of a pro-Nazi Government at Bucharest effectively separated France from her Russian ally.

Austria already is joined to Berlin by treaty and Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, recently revealed himself as one of Hitler's enthusiastic friends. Bulgaria, too, may be counted on and Yugoslavia must soon follow suit, it is thought in Berlin.

Hope in Railway—The new line-up leaves Czechoslovakia—where President Eduard Benès clings pathetically to a democratic system outmoded in Central Europe—at the mercy of Nazis pledged to expansion. Doctor Benès's main hope was a projected, but still unconstructed railway by which Soviet troops could pour across Rumania to aid the Czechs against attacking Germans. That railway, the New York *Times* said, never will be built.

FRANCE'S THEATER: "Ordinary Comedians of King" Survive Empires and Republics

Edouard Bourdet, new Director of the Comédie Française, promises to transform the Government's historic theater by the revolutionary changes which Léon Blum's Socialist régime means for political France.

Young at forty-nine for the theatrical czardom, M. Bourdet owes his international reputation as a playwright to "La Prisonnière ("The Captive"), a delicate study in abnormality which delighted Paris but came under a New York police ban in 1927. Since then he has turned out box-office successes year after year, building up a following as the most popular of France's younger dramatists.

His first appointments burst radically in the tradition-bound theater. As stage directors he named Jacques Copeau, Gaston Baty, Charles Dullin and Louis Jouvet, all leaders of the "new theater" movement. Since the war, Copeau and his eagle profile have been familiar to Broadway, where his Vieux Colombier Company performed modern and classic dramas.

All of Bourdet's new directors love to discover new playwrights and to adapt great foreign plays for the French stage. The Comédie, serenely disregarding living foreigners, rejects even French dramatists until they are established on the boulevards.

Except for Jouvet, whose two experimental theaters in the Champs Elysées rolled in golden francs, the new directors usually produced and acted in box-like little halls far different from the National Theater's gilt and crimson splendor.

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Edouard Bourdet: his job to make a new Comédie Française for the Popular Front

The traditions which govern the Comédie date back 300 years, to the days when actors solemly renounced their profession on their death-beds to win the privilege of Christian burial. Then King Louis XIV lent his patronage to an obscure, dark-browed, full-lipped trouper "with a good leg," who had gained some reputation in the Provinces by his acting and writing of comedies.

As Molière's satires continued to delight the court and the town, he wangled from the King the Salle du Palais Royal as a theater, and won for his Company the sole right to produce plays in the French language in Paris.

In 1791 the Talma, breaking away from the main group, took over the southwest wing of the Palace, which the Company still occupies. A few years later Napoleon, a great admirer of the actor who reputedly gave him lessons in deportment, contributed a 100,000-franc subsidy to the troupe.

To-day, the Comédie still produces classics in the manner of the seventeenth century, golden age of the French theater. Actors half chant their full-mouthed *alexandrines*, and gesticulate "with much convulsion and contortion." The sing-song style dates back to Mlle. Champmesle, chief tragedienne in 1689. Her successor, Mlle. Duclos, declaimed in a voice that could be heard at the Café Perocope across the street.

Classic Revivals—Dullin and Jouvet believe in revivifying the classics. Both have produced Molière in a realistic manner, and, according to the New York *Sun*, Jouvet's version of "L'Ecole des Femmes" knocked Paris breathless last winter, and inspired a universal demand that he go to the Comédie.

Another lively tradition involves government appointments to the Company. Under Louis XIV, courtiers ignorant of the art took over the Theater's direction, even to casting women in the various female rôles. The system, critics complained, led to "courtesan actresses." In these Republican days, ex-Premiers and Cabinet Ministers still can slice the red tape of the Company's apprentice system for friendly actresses.

The National Theater offers young

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actors and actresses a career for life. Their twenty-year contract binds them not to appear on any other stage. Prominent members of the cast, however, act when they feel like it, and reject rôles which don't appeal to them.

Free Laundry—The Comédie has been called a club, and even a home for the associates. It has magnificently decorated parlors, billiard-rooms and bedrooms for actors too tired to go home. Members send their laundry there for free service.

For years the theater has been widely damned as hostile to change and deaf to the significant developments of the contemporary theater. Its defenders argue that the mildest innovations lead to riots. Ten years ago, the depiction of a comic soldier persuaded almost the entire French Army it had been insulted. Three years later, during "Pauvre Napoléon," police had to eject Bonapartists who objected to a scene in which their hero mourned the death of his goldfish.

The group which started out as "the ordinary comedians of the King" has survived two monarchies, two Empires and three Republics. Frenchmen anxiously await its future under a Socialist-Republican régime.

JOSS AND GOLD: Hindu Priest Worships Lachmi, Goddess of Wealth, in First All-Indian Bank

Last week in London, Sir Sorabji Nusserwanji Pochkhanawala, Bombay-born financier, officially opened the Central Exchange Bank of India—England's first all-native-colonial-owned banking-house.

Into the handsome Board of Directors' Room strode Sir Sorabji and other dignitaries, resplendent in silk top hats. In place of expensive mahogany chairs and round-table, they found in the center of the polished marble floor a truck-load of sandalwood joss-sticks, sweet herbs and camphor, sending pungent wisps of pearly smoke to the high, hand-carved ceiling of the inner sanctum.

Gleaming with pride, the deep-set eyes of 100 Hindu compatriots gazed on the proceedings while the fair orbs of a horde of Londoners and friends openly ogled. At a nod from Sir Sorabji, a Hindu priest lit the ceremonial pyre and began the chanting of Vedic hymns and mystic rituals to Lachmi, Goddess of Wealth.

College Clerks—As founder and Managing Director of the Central Bank of India, Ltd., Sir Sorabji starts his new venture with a capital of £500,000 (roughly $2,500,000), and will operate it along Western lines. His Indian clerks were trained through matriculation at London University, the London School of Economics, and at Columbia University, New York.

Indian banks heretofore have been conspicuous by their failures, due to overlending and to stock exchange speculation on London and other European exchanges. Indian bankers, however, were the first to use loose-leaf ledgers more than 1,000 years ago, and their banks, when well operated, are said to be among the finest in any country.

Young Hindus, irked by the difficulty of obtaining executive posts or even jobs in British-owned banks in their native land, after passing courses in banking abroad, rejoice in the new possibilities opened to them by their leader's initiative in London.

Modest Quarters—Despite prayers and potentates, the new quarters of the Indian bank occupy a modest section of Palmerston House in Bishopsgate. The Indian banker is all for simplicity and thoroughness. He dresses and acts that way, but his beady black eyes are as penetrating as his monetary methods, veiled as are both, by Eastern aloofness.

Born in Bombay in 1881, the fifty-five-year-old currency expert was educated at New High School and at St. Xavier College in the city of his birth. Upon graduation from these schools, he served in the Chartered Banks of India, Australia and China for seven years, and as an accountant in the Bank of India, Ltd., for five years.

From 1911 to 1920, he was manager of the Central Bank of India, a member of the Government Securities Rehabilitation Committee in 1921, Chairman of the Ceylon Banking Commission in 1934, at which time he was knighted. Currently, he is managing director of the Central Bank of India, Ltd., Bombay, which position he has held since 1920—in addition to his new duties at the London bank. Sir Sorabji is married and has two sons and three daughters.

Among the successful Indian banking institutions now in operation is the Imperial Bank of India, established by law in 1920 to take over the business of three former Presidency banks. A great deal of the power and business of this bank—it has more than 150 branches—has been turned over, under a new régime in India, to the Reserve Bank, which cares for the government account and for government borrowing operation.

World Bank—Another, the Bank for International Settlements, was opened May 17, 1930, with the hope of leading to closer coordination in policy between the central banks and the currency authorities. In this it was quasi-successful. The Post Office Savings Banks have had a history of continued success, with both the number of accounts and with the average balance on the increase. In 1930, there were approximately 13,000 such banks in India.

Cooperative Societies have twenty-eight banks to back their policies of encouraging thrift by receiving deposits. The societies have central and provincial banks and banking unions scattered throughout India.

Noticeable at present, more than in previous years, is the bourgeois nationalist passion for Indian-owned and Indian-manned banks. In designating his new native-owned bank the Central *Exchange* Bank of India, Sir Sorabji smilingly challenges the monopoly hitherto enjoyed by synonymous "Anglo-Saxon" banks in India.

VIA ICELAND: Viking Land Welcomes Pan-American Airways, and Dreams of New Prosperity

Taciturn town councilors of the little wood, concrete and corrugated-iron capital of Iceland, up against the Arctic Circle, last week faced the problem of a shrinking world.

A foreign company wanted to occupy a plot of land outside of Reykjavik (Smoking Harbor). To surrender it might change the lives of every one of Iceland's 115,000 inhabitants, scattered about the edges of a volcanic land as big as Ohio.

"I move we grant the lease," said a slow-spoken city father.

"Seconded."

Motion passed, the Council adjourned. Altho the discussion had been long, the *Magistraten* walked to their homes in daylight. No twilight darkens Iceland's summer; midnight is almost as bright as day.

Air-Minded—Pan-American Airways was the foreign company Icelanders had agreed to welcome. Most literate people in the world, they knew all about the *China Clipper's* flights over the Western Ocean; they knew, too, that a German Lufthansa sea-plane was to settle down in a Bermuda harbor on September 9, taking off the next day for New York. They had read that the German ship would fly the southern route, Azores to Bermuda (1,824 miles) with a "mother-ship" to refuel her at a half-way point.

Icelanders did some figuring. New York to Port Botsford, Newfoundland, was 1,100 miles; Port Botsford to Reykjavik (home plate to Icelanders) was 1,487 miles; Reykjavik to London, 1,171 miles.

Last week Pan-American wanted nothing

European

Iceland's laundresses don't worry about hot water—they use geysers

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more than an observation and wireless station from which Paul Oscanyan, sent with his wife to live for a year at Reykjavik, could make regular reports on the weather. But blue-eyed Icelandic damsels in long golden braids, and grave, felt-booted fishermen, scratching their stubbly chins, had other thoughts in mind.

Prophecies of a New York-to-Europe service with two planes a day—even of planes every hour—had come to Iceland. What would that mean? Stop-over tourists buying polar bear skins at $8 a skin! Tourists to be motored to hot springs, geysers and volcanic craters, to Thorsmork to see Iceland's only forest—birch-trees, none of them more than ten feet high.

No Bed—It would mean new hotels for air tourists; it would mean jazz bands, dancing, night-clubs; it would mean heaven for young Reykjavikers who "keep up a racket in the streets all the summer-day-light-night long," who never seem to go to bed!

And there would be American silk stockings, Paris dresses, London-made tweeds for Reykjavik girls who already prefer them to the multiple petticoats, "woolies," and stiff bodices of their ancestors. Tho isolated physically these 1,000 years, young Iceland is culturally prepared for whatever may happen.

Less than any people in the world do these northlanders need preparation in foreign languages. Even farmers miles from town think nothing of learning two tongues in addition to their own. Generally, they tackle German and English, reading aloud foreign books during the long, dark winters, while wives weave homespun wool.

Air tourists will be amazed at the wealth of bookstores. And if they join the strolling crowds about the band stands on a summer evening, they will be astonished to hear the only national anthem in the world that is not a song of war, but a slow hymn commemorating 1,000 years of constitutional government.

It is Iceland's pride that she had culture when Europe was floundering in the dark ages.

Reykjavik, tho 300 miles further north than bleak Labrador, is as warm as cities 1,000 miles to the south, its temperate climate stemming from the Gulf Stream.

Ten million copies of magazines come from Noma's presses each year

MAGAZINE KING: Seiji Noma Owns 80 Per Cent. of All Japan's Periodicals

Seiji Noma, Nipponese No. 1 Publisher, to-day controls 80 per cent. of all the magazines produced in Japan.

Working with the discipline of a West Point cadet and spending money with a generous hand, when an increase in circulation will result from it, Noma has succeeded in stimulating his countrymen with a desire for magazine reading which exceeds all precedent.

He speaks no English, knows no foreign language, but conducts his business on Western lines, which he has learned entirely through interpreters. His mission in life is to add to the prestige of Japan and to make the youth of the Empire magazine-conscious.

Thinking Masses—Scoffing at the notion that the masses do not think, he says: "The masses do think, because they have suffered. No one begins to think until he begins to suffer."

Poor as a church mouse from birth in 1878 in Gumma Prefecture, Central Japan, Seiji Noma started thinking early. Nobody had time to do it for him. His people were *samurai* (aristocrats), but hard times, with the crash of feudalism, soon bent their backs, tho never their heads.

A talented, happy-go-lucky boy, young Noma paid very little attention to the seriousness of life until he was thirty. An ardent disciple of Socrates, he loved to loiter on corners unleashing his tongue for any one who would lend an ear.

At fifteen he was graduated from public school and tried to enter a military preparatory school in Tokyo, but failed. Returning home, he got a job as an assistant in a primary school and later managed to enter the Institute for Training Middle School Teachers. His income seldom exceeded $5 a month.

The Training School charged no fee, but required students to teach at public schools for a specified term in return for its munificence. Ten years later, he went back to Tokyo and was appointed instructor of Japanese and Chinese classics in the Luchu Islands, near Formosa. Education was no effort to him, nor did it handicap his hedonistic existence.

Self-Made—A self-made man despite a noble lineage, Noma never forgets a kindness, nor an injustice. His favorite quotations are his own: "It is better to be an immature, inexperienced dilettante with energy, faith and hope, than a corrupt expert, cynical and disillusioned." And: "Nothing makes a man so moral as the necessity of enforcing obedience upon those under his authority."

While teaching in the Luchu Islands, Noma fell in love with a school-teacher from Shikoku, and this sudden desire for a wife whose beauty could match his wits was the turning point in his career. He bade farewell to the whispering winds and moonlit gardens of his island paradise and turned his thoughts to more serious matters. A marriage was soon arranged with the lady of his choice, and the young couple returned to Tokyo, where Noma became secretary in the Imperial University, and she continued her teaching.

Suave wielder of the velvet-cased iron fist, Noma fought his way through poverty

Seiji Noma never forgets a kindness nor an injustice

to colossal wealth. One evening, as he sat smoking, Noma heard a story about an American publisher producing a million copies of a single magazine. "We can do that in Japan!" he exclaimed. "I know nothing about the publishing business, but I will learn. I will do it!" And he did.

"Last Mile"—Pounding the pavements for weeks, trying to find a publisher who would listen to his hare-brained idea, in desperation he took his blistered feet into a public telephone-booth, pawed feverishly through the directory and, at random, selected a publishing house. Finding the address in the Ginza, Japan's Broadway, he girded himself for the "last mile."

Rattling off his speech by rote, but trying to imbue it with an enthusiasm his body and brain lacked, he reeled from fatigue and shock when the publisher agreed to produce his magazine. It was a success almost from the start, and Noma soon owned the business himself.

To advertise one issue of one magazine, he will spend $500,000. He never goes to his ultramodern office to attend to business. He works at home, usually at night. His day-time avocation is fencing.

Today, white-whiskered, fifty-eight-year-old Seiji Noma is President of the Dai Nippon Yubenkai Kodanshu, largest magazine publishing house in Asia; he is the proprietor and president of *Hochi*, third largest daily newspaper in Tokyo, and produces nine monthly magazines.

Among these, three are outstanding: *Kodan Kurabu*, a collection of famous story-tellers' tales; *Fujin Kurabu*, devoted to women's interests, which has the largest circulation of any woman's publication in Japan; *King*, which emphasizes his Western inclinations, and has a circulation of 1,500,000 copies.

Noma's magazines are all of about the size and thickness of *The World Almanac*. The total number of copies issuing annually from his publishing house, one of the finest steel and concrete structures in Tokyo, reaches 10,000,000.

Cultural Classics—Seiji Noma is one of the three highest taxpayers in Tokyo. When asked to give the formula for his success, Noma modestly murmurs, "I am deeply indebted to relatives and friends, and I am entirely indebted to the Chinese and Nippon classics for my culture."

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GLAMOUROUS HEROINE OF HISTORY

Joan Crawford Comes to Maturity in "The Gorgeous Hussy"

When better motion-pictures are made, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer apparently has every intention of filming its lion's share.

On the heels of such industry-leading photoplays as "The Great Ziegfeld," "Fury" and "Romeo and Juliet" comes "The Gorgeous Hussy."

It probably cost a sum to turn a counting-house clerk pale, it surrounds Joan Crawford with a failure-proof cast. But it accomplished the filming of a glamourous, piquant incident in American history and gave Miss Crawford the best opportunity she ever has had in motion-pictures.

Fact and fiction have been expertly meshed to make the story of impetuous Peggy Eaton a cinema romance of impressive stature. Factually, Miss Eaton was a thorn in the Administration of Andrew Jackson. Cinematically, she falls somewhere between a misunderstood person and a menace to Jackson's régime.

Samuel Hopkins Adams's novel, from which the picture was made, did a like job of combining truth and flavorous legend. Ainsworth Morgan and Stephen Avery have made a substantial scenario.

States' Rights—Its period is young, restless Washington in the 1820's and 1830's. The United States Government still is harried by squabbles between the States, still is raw enough to rock when scandal rises to plague it. In the turbulent midst of the acidulous gossip is Eaton, Jackson's undeniable First Lady.

Fiction tramples fact cruelly in the early reels, but it is justified, since it clears what might have been a muddled incident.

Bow Timberlake, a young Navy officer, is married to *Peggy* and soon loses his life in the West Indies. The young widow has long been attracted to *John Randolph,* who has refused her consistently. When he and President Jackson arrive at bitter political differences, it becomes impossible for her to marry *Randolph,* even tho he then is ready. Instead, she marries John Eaton, Secretary of War in the Jackson Cabinet.

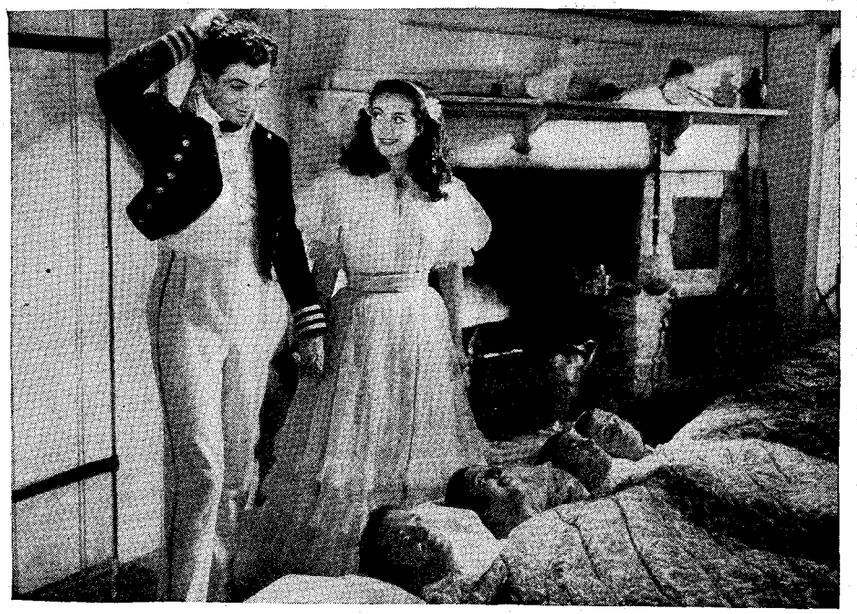
Maturing Talent—That Miss Crawford could so consistently remain in command of the cast against such resolute support as that of Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, Melvyn Douglas, James Stewart, Louis Calhern and similar players is evidence of a sudden maturity in her talent.

Exceptional scenes: Barrymore, as Jackson, reading the President's message to Congress when early clouds of the War Between the States began to darken; his furious defense of her in the face of her detractors. Barrymore was never better than in this rôle. The younger men are no less powerful.

Director Clarence Brown has put his picture together with unusual cunning. It emerges one of the finest pictures of the year, actually the best Miss Crawford ever has made. Her dignity and composure are noteworthy.

A Hollywood preview resulted in ecstatic critical reports.

Hollywood *Daily Variety:* "It . . . is gorgeous entertainment, superlative in every dimension, destined to rank among the best pictures of any year."



Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor in a piquant scene from "The Gorgeous Hussy"

SIXTY MILLION: Three-Fourths of America's Film Fans Like Rogers-Astaire Dancing Team

The 80,000,000 persons who weekly jam the motion-picture theaters of the United States by this time are divided into two clearly defined groups:

There are approximately 60,000,000 who can't keep away from a Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire picture, only 20,000,000 who won't be driven in to see one.

Through a remarkably efficient series of wall-paper plots expressly designed to give the nimble pair an opportunity to dance and utter a few impertinent songs, the two have remained together as a cinema team. Their newest adventure is "Swing Time," an RKO-Radio picture.

Astaire and Rogers dance again

Nothing detailed ever is done about story or characterization in the Rogers-Astaire films. So long as Miss Rogers has a chance to annoy Astaire in the early reels and he has a chance to wear top hat and tails in three out of the eight reels, nothing else matters. The sketchiest story intervenes.

Simple Formula—It is no different with "Swing Time." He is a professional dancer with a fondness for gambling. She is a pupil in a dancing-school. She resists him for the carefully selected number of reels, dances with him in three others. They arrive at a happy ending. It's as simple as that and usually costs about $600,000 to make into a motion-picture.

This is the funniest of their teamed films. The hilarity is supplied wholesale by Helen Broderick and Victor Moore. On gay occasion the joking becomes impudently ribald, but there is nothing to frighten a censor in any of it.

Camera trickery is used with more abandon, and considerably more forethought, in "Swing Time" than in previous items by the dancing stars. An elaboration of the dancing cut-out figure in "Gay Divorcée," which threw a waltzing shadow on a wall, is used for the most exciting scene in the picture.

Pace and Rhythm—Astaire, while dancing, seems to be throwing Gargantuan shadows of himself against a background. They keep exact pace and rhythm with him, their coat-tails fly out exactly as his. Suddenly, the shadows dance off the screen, leaving him to dance alone.

Audiences in key cities to which the film was released first have been more than usually breathless in their acceptance.

In New York, the critics were unanimous in rating it a superb, if fluffy, item:

Kate Cameron, New York *Daily News:* "'Swing Time' . . . is funnier than any of the five costarring films that have preceded it."

Howard Barnes, New York *Herald*

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Tribune: "Dancing and singing at the very top of their superlative form and clowning magnificently through interludes of merry nonsense, they distinguish themselves anew as the screen's most engaging musical comedy team."

SNIP, SNIP: Scissors in Hand, Film Editors Can Make or Break Stars and Pictures

A film editor is a man or woman whose name generally is in the smallest type among the credits which precede every motion-picture screened. No public glamour surrounds the job, little publicity, in the main small thanks.

Without a competent film editor silently behind each photoplay, it would come to the screen a mixed-up, unrelated botch of good and bad photography, with the sound and dialog of one scene spilling over into the next.

The film editor is known to the industry as a cutter. When a picture is finished he has, on the average, three times as much film as is needed. It is his job to reject the faulty two-thirds, match up and synchronize the perfect one-third. If he knows his job, he can save the reputation of a bad director by patching the film so expertly it becomes a good picture. He has, in his time, ruined the careers of many haughty stars, helped the careers of humble ones.

Sound Engineer—His job in the era of silent pictures was mainly one of astute selection. The coming of sound complicated his work, grayed his hair, forced him to become a virtual sound engineer.

Sound-waves travel less rapidly than light-waves. Sound engineers, real ones, worked the problem out when talking pictures first came in. They discovered that the sound-track on a film must come nineteen frames of film ahead of the scene with which it is to synchronize. A frame is one and one-third inches wide, three-quarters of an inch high, running in standard film about sixteen frames to the foot.

Paramount Photo

Cecil B. De Mille gives orders

Some studios use a system requiring a twenty-one-frame separation between sight and sound, some use an eleven-frame system.

It was cutters who worked out the trickery behind singing films. In the beginning, they discovered that a star looked perfectly terrible, something like the entrance to an abandoned coal-mine, when singing high notes. The mouth was wide open, the neck taut, the vocal chords stood out like fence-pickets, the eyes were goiterous under the strain of impassioned singings.

Cutters' Cure—Cutters got together, suggested a cure: photograph the star while talking the lyrics of a song. Thus the features would be more natural and pleasing. In the cutting-room, they would snip away the talking sound-track. Then the picture would be screened in a sound-proof room and the star, alone, could sing and distort her face all she liked.

As she sang she would match her words to the lip movements from the now silent film. Her song would go on a fresh sound-track.

The idea worked. It is used to this day. When Grace Moore is seen and heard singing, it is possible that the picture was filmed one week, the singing "planted" in the picture a week, even two weeks, later.

Large-scale filming of group dancing and singing, as in a musical comedy picture, is done in exact reverse. The singing is done first for sound-track. Then the cast is assembled on the dancing floor, amplifiers begin playing the recordings, the cast begins to dance in synchronization with the voices.

The cutters' real poison is the trick of having some one who can not sing play the rôle of a singer. Jean Harlow doesn't sing. Not well enough for exhibition, in any event. When her pictures show her singing, she merely is talking, or has talked, the song. Later, an unnamed girl, who can sing, whose voice, as Hollywood says, "is like Harlow's would be if Harlow had a voice," sings for the sound-track. Virginia Bruce is another who needs voice-doubles to sing for her.

In "The Great Ziegfeld," Stanley Morner was heard singing a beautiful tenor. Mr. Morner is a barytone. For all that he is an excellent barytone, it was decided the scene required a tenor voice. A hired and unidentified tenor did the off-scene singing after the Morner scenes were filmed.

Many of to-day's directors were graduated from cutting-rooms. Sam Taylor is one, Josef von Sternberg and Frank Capra are two others.

In Cold Blood—Cutters are notoriously cold-blooded about even the most glamourous stars.

"I jerked Hepburn out of two shots this morning," one will tell another at lunch.

Canny directors keep the same cutter for all their pictures, knowing that they can rely on his or her sense completely. Anne Bauchens is cutter for Cecil B. De Mille. They have worked together nearly twenty years.

Expert cutters, respected by all Hollywood, include William Hamilton, Robert J. Kern, George Hively, Ellsworth Hoagland and Jack Killifer. Matching these men are Margaret Booth, who cut "Mutiny on the Bounty"; Barbara McLean, Blanche Sewell, Viola Lawrence and Irene Morra.

A cutter receives about $2,000 a picture. A head cutter, one to each studio, a man whose name rarely is seen on any screen, works by the year, averaging $500 a week. James Wilkinson, Danny Grey and Harold McCord are top men with scissors.

Jean Harlow (left) and Katherine Hepburn: even these glamourous stars are subject to the film cutters' snippings

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Romeo and Juliet"; "The White Angel"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "San Francisco"; "The Gorgeous Hussy"; "Swing Time."

AAA—"Fury"; "The Devil Doll"; "Suzy"; "Piccadilly Jim"; "Girls' Dormitory."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

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SYNTHETIC ERA: AMERICA AS LEADER

Wide-Spread Uses of New Materials Revealed by Chemists

Trying to make themselves self-sufficient, many European countries have called on their chemists for test-tube miracles. British, French and Italians have reported notable successes, but to the Germans has gone most of the publicity for synthetic products. The Germans have a name for them: *ersatz*—substitute.

This week one of Germany's foremost *ersatz* chemists was in this country, attending the sixtieth anniversary meeting of the American Chemical Society at Pittsburgh. Dr. Friedrich Bergius, who showed chemists how to make oil from coal and sugar from wood, was marveling at the bewildering variety of products American chemists are making every day from unlikely sources, and pouring on the market with a minimum of publicity.

Americans are using five kinds of synthetic rubber and rubber substitutes, sold under the trade names *Thiokol, Koroseal, AXF, Duprene* and *Plioform.* The Germans are making only one kind of synthetic rubber, *Buna.*

Americans have 100 or more kinds of synthetic fabrics; not only imitation silk and wool, but products like *Acele, Lastex* and *Matea,* with entirely new qualities found in no natural yarns or fibers. They are made from wood-pulp and cotton-linters. The dyes that color them are also synthetic.

Gain in Plastics—America is the home of synthetic plastics; moldable materials of which nature produced only a few rather poor examples, such as amber and resin. Pick up a fountain pen, ash-tray or piece of costume jewelry, and you are probably handling a plastic; modern interiors have plastic panelings; almost every decorative gadget and electrical appliance has some.

A Belgian-born American chemist, Dr. Leo Baekeland, inaugurated the synthetic plastics era in 1909, when he invented Bakelite. Now chemists count about 450 varieties, each with many variations and thousands of uses. They are made from formaldehyde, petroleum, urea, wood-pulp, milk, coal-tar, carbolic acid, glycerin, rubber, sugar, natural gas and soy-beans.

Stop at a filling-station for gasoline or motor oil and you are likely to get a synthetic product; better than any natural one. Petroleum chemists start with 100 gallons of crude oil, some hydrogen and a catalyst, or reaction-promoter, and end with 105 gallons of finished product—oils and fuels tailored-to-measure for the modern car.

Go to a hospital for an operation, and the anesthetist will start you on the way to sleep with one of the drowsiness-producing compounds of barbituric acid, made from urea. Take a headache-pill, and you are likely to be using another synthetic medicine, made from coal-tar, the gummy stuff produced by distilling coal. Thousands of drugs are synthetic.

Artificial Perfumes—If you use perfumes, don't be surprized if even your most expensive and delicate odor never saw flowers. Skilful American chemists produce substitutes from coal-tar.

Flavors, too. An American favorite is vanilla, sometimes made from vanilla-beans, which contain two substances, vanillin and coumarin. Coal-tar yields both, in chemically pure form; synthetic vanilla extract is identical with the natural product, and less expensive.

Sometimes used in flavorings and perfumes; more often as a soothing drug to rub on painful rheumatic joints, is oil of wintergreen. When you apply it to an aching joint, you may be using the natural oil, but more likely it will be a synthetic wintergreen.

Whether synthetic products can profitably be made in competition with nature depends on economic conditions, Doctor Bergius pointed out before the Chemical Society. In Germany, for example, there are no huge underground reservoirs of natural petroleum, but there are enormous supplies of low-grade coal.

Chemists knew that coal is a compound of hydrogen and carbon, in the Bryanesque proportion of one to sixteen. Oil is a hydrocarbon, in the proportion one to eight. Double the hydrogen in coal, and you have oil.

Bergius's backers, members of a huge chemical-industrial combine, set him to work in 1911, in a laboratory in Hanover, to find out how to make coal accept a double load of hydrogen and become oil.

He began by getting samples of coal from all over the world—thousands of samples—and studying their chemical and physical structure until he knew more about coal than any other chemist.

Then he proceeded to make coal in the laboratory. He mimicked the geological processes by which nature produces it. For two years, he made synthetic coal; then he was ready for the real task, driving hydrogen into it.

The first plan was to force hot lumps of coal to drink up hydrogen under enormous pressure in steel tanks. No results; nothing but coke; too much heat.

Varied Experiments—He had to find a way to get coal to absorb hydrogen without heating it to the coking point. He tried grinding the coal; still no success. Then he mixed the ground coal with oil. The mixture went into the tank like putty; a mud of coal-dust and oil. He heated it for hours, pumped in hydrogen. When he opened the cocks, it ran like syrup. Part of the coal had liquefied; he knew he was on the right track. The little oil mixed with coal-dust had acted as a heat distributer and catalyst.

Still, the process wasn't practical. He tried another experiment. He mixed the coal with tar. Mechanical stirrers agitated the sooty paste in hot tanks; hydrogen bubbled up through the mixture. After a few hours, he opened the cocks. Out came oil and gas.

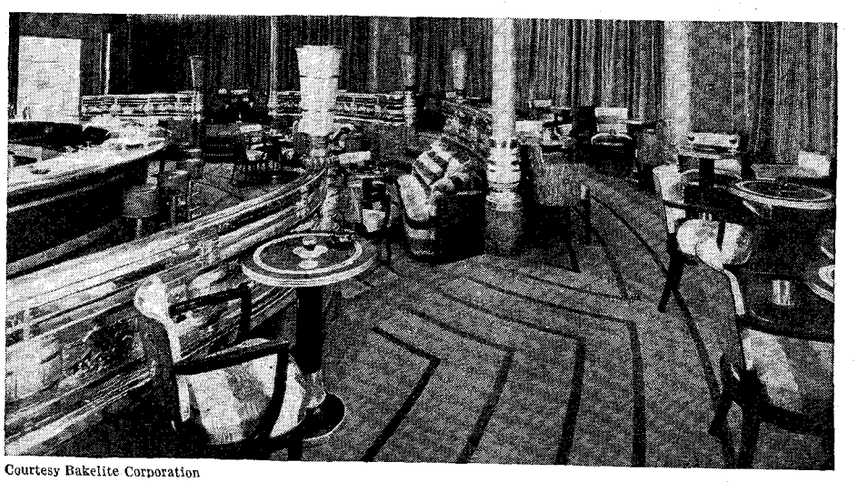
Three more years passed before the chemist solved all his difficulties. He was on that one piece of research thirteen years, had spent $6,000,000, had employed a crew of 150 men continuously, and there were still "bugs" in the process that had to be taken out before he could produce oil from coal commercially.

Finally, he discovered that in solving Germany's oil problem, he had solved England's, too. His industrial backers got their thirteen-year investment back in a few months when the first two "berginization" factories in Germany began producing 1,000,000 barrels of gasoline and motor oils a year, and British interests arranged for the right to use it in reviving the moribund coal industry of Wales.

Nobel Winner—The discovery made Bergius an outstanding figure and won him the Nobel Prize. It also changed the political alinement; nations without oil were made independent of outside aid, provided they

Courtesy duPont

Plastic materials take on style importance



Courtesy Bakelite Corporation

The Queen Mary's Formica-finished lounge . . . proof against cigarette butts or drink-stains

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had coal. Germany would never dare to offend Britain or France if she had no internal source of the fuel that makes wheels go 'round in war as well as peace.

One of the products of Bergius's coal-born oil is paraffin, from which German chemists have recently made an edible fat, by putting a little oxygen into it. Germans, who lack natural fats, may therefore soon be eating the product of their coal-mines as well as running automobiles from it.

In this country, fats are too cheap for the process to interest chemists.

When he finished "berginization," Bergius turned to another problem: Germany lacks sugar. He reduced logs to wood-pulp, converted the pulp cellulose into carbohydrate, and from that manufactured a low-cost "sugar" suitable for stock feed. Since 1930, farmers of Czechoslovakia, where an experimental plant is in operation, have been feeding their porkers "Bergius sugar" made from wood waste, corn-stalks and nut-shells.

This week Bergius told American chemists he had taken the next logical step: made crystal sugar suitable for human food from wood. It is dextrose, not identical with cane or beet sugar, but related to fruit and corn sugars; sweet, and an excellent source of energy. In this country babies are fed dextrose made from corn.

American chemists had a few miracles of their own to report in 468 papers read before their society.

Light and Strong—H. R. Dittman, of the duPont Company, announced a new water-clear plastic, strong as glass, but flexible and non-shattering. Only half as heavy as glass, it is clear enough for lenses; it can be sawed, cut, drilled, polished and molded. A square inch of it will carry a load of five and a half tons without cracking.

Alfred J. Stamm and R. M. Seborg, of the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, have found a way to keep bureau-drawers from sticking shut in damp weather, floors from shrinking in droughts, doors from having fits of temperament every time the humidity varies. They use a plastic compound to impregnate the wood.

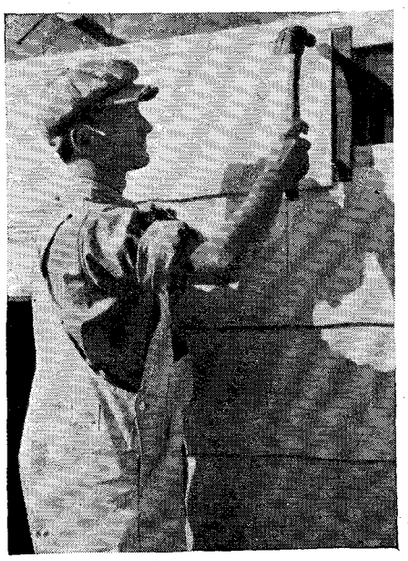
Chemists were surprized to learn that the earth is surrounded by a poisonous gas, the name of which has often been used as a synonym for the purest air—ozone.

Dr. H. B. McDonnell, of the University of Maryland, raised guinea pigs in air rich in ozone, a form of oxygen. Even a little shortened the animal's lives. A high concentration acted about like chlorin, one of the war gases. Fortunately there isn't much ozone in the atmosphere, and what there is lies high up.

Things are delicately balanced on this earth; if there were more ozone, we should all be poisoned. If there were less we'd be scalded to death by ultra-violet rays from the sun, most of which are absorbed by this thin blanket of gas.

Explosives Expert—On the American Chemical Society's sixtieth birthday, one of its charter members was still living: Dr. Charles Edward Munroe. Explosives research has the reputation of being extra-hazardous, but Doctor Munroe passed his whole active life—more than sixty years—working with explosives and is still spry, healthy and undamaged at eighty-seven. During his service at the Naval Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island, from 1886 to 1892, he invented indurite, the first smokeless powder adopted by the United States Navy for use in big guns.

When he helped found the American Chemical Society in 1876 it had 183 members. Now there are more than 20,000.



Courtesy Johns-Manville

Synthetic shingles . . . modern in composition, aged in appearance

PET HATES: Psychologists Hear Report on Political Reactions, Babies' Laughter

Up and down the land go the psychologists, quietly studying the strangest and most contrary of creatures, the human being. Once a year they gather to report what they have found out.

Last week the American Psychological Association met at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. In a political year the psychologists were naturally interested in humanity's political reactions. Dr. Ross Stagner, of the University of Akron, told about a study he had made at Akron to find out what differences there are among Republicans, Democrats and Socialists.

Doctor Stagner and his aids buttonholed selected voters, showed them a little list, and asked them to mark out the items they didn't like—the theory being that Americans generally vote *against* something.

The list contained twenty-seven political and economic terms, such as *Big Navy, Supreme Court* and *Fascist;* also a few general terms to disguise the exact purpose of the questionnaire.

Results: The majority of voters, mostly factory and office workers, dislike the extreme Left and extreme Right. *Communist* was disliked by 80 per cent., *Nazi* by 73 per cent., *Ku Klux Klan* by 90 per cent., *Child Labor* by 74 per cent. *Socialist,* however, was scratched by only 47 per cent.

Constitution and *Supreme Court* were marked out by fewer than 5 per cent., tho the supposedly unpopular AAA and New York Minimum Wage Law decisions had just been made when Doctor Stagner started his study.

Republicans turned out to have pronounced dislikes, the major ones being *Communist, Socialist, Labor Unions, Democrats* and *Strikes.* Socialists were especially bitter about *American Liberty League, Big Navy, Ku Klux Klan, Capitalist* and *Profit System.* And Democrats, curiously, disliked almost the same things as the Socialists. The dislike of each Party for the others was most pronounced of all.

The psychologists turned their attention from politics to babies when Dr. Grace E. Bird, of Rhode Island College of Education, told about her attempts to learn why people laugh.

Infantile Human—Babies, she said, laugh at almost anything when they are healthy. By the time they reach kindergarten age, laughter indicates not only physical but mental satisfaction. Anything incongruous or unexpected will cause children to laugh: a button pulling loose from a blouse, a chair falling (if it doesn't happen too often), or spilled paint.

Children laugh alone, but adults seldom do, because to a grown-up laughing is a social act.

"Often the mere fact that individual adults find themselves in one another's society is apt to create laughter, altho their conversation may be commonplace to the extent of dulness," observed Doctor Bird.

From another psychologist, Dr. Harold E. Burtt of Ohio State University, came a warning: be careful what you say to a baby, because he may be able to remember it, even tho he doesn't understand.

An educational method may grow out of an experiment Doctor Burtt made on his own young son, Benjamin, now fourteen.

Baby "Scholar"—When Benjamin was just fifteen months old, three twenty-line selections from Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" were read to him in the original Greek, once a day for three months. To Benjamin it was just the same as nonsense verse; he enjoyed it, but had no idea what it meant.

At the end of three months the old selections were dropped and new ones were used. Three months later a third set was substituted, and so on, until Benjamin had heard twenty-one selections.

When the boy was eight years old, his father set him to learning the selections he had heard as a baby. The earliest ones were learned 30 per cent. faster than the later ones, and all of them with surprizing ease. Nonsense or not, they had made a deep impression on his infant mind.

But then, Benjamin was a very bright boy. His "I.Q.," a measure of intelligence, is 130, which puts him in the genius class. This is the "I.Q." psychologists have estimated for Heine, Robert Burns and the French novelist Balzac.

LEFT-SIDE HAM: Less Scratching There by Hogs, So Sandwiches Are Tender

In Chicago soda-fountains, sandwich shops and quick-lunch places advertise "Left Ham Sandwiches." Cut from the left side, the meat is supposed to be more tender, the theory being that the hog scratched himself less with the left leg and therefore used the muscles less.

In one of the huge Department of Agriculture buildings in Washington, where a nice roast is getting an official cooking, such questions as this are settled by experts. In a few minutes the cook will lift the roast from the oven, done to a turn under conditions set forth in specifications as detailed as an architect's blue-print. A sharp knife will carve the meat, cut off official slices and spread them neatly for serving.

In an adjoining room, separated by a tight door so that no kitchen aromas can

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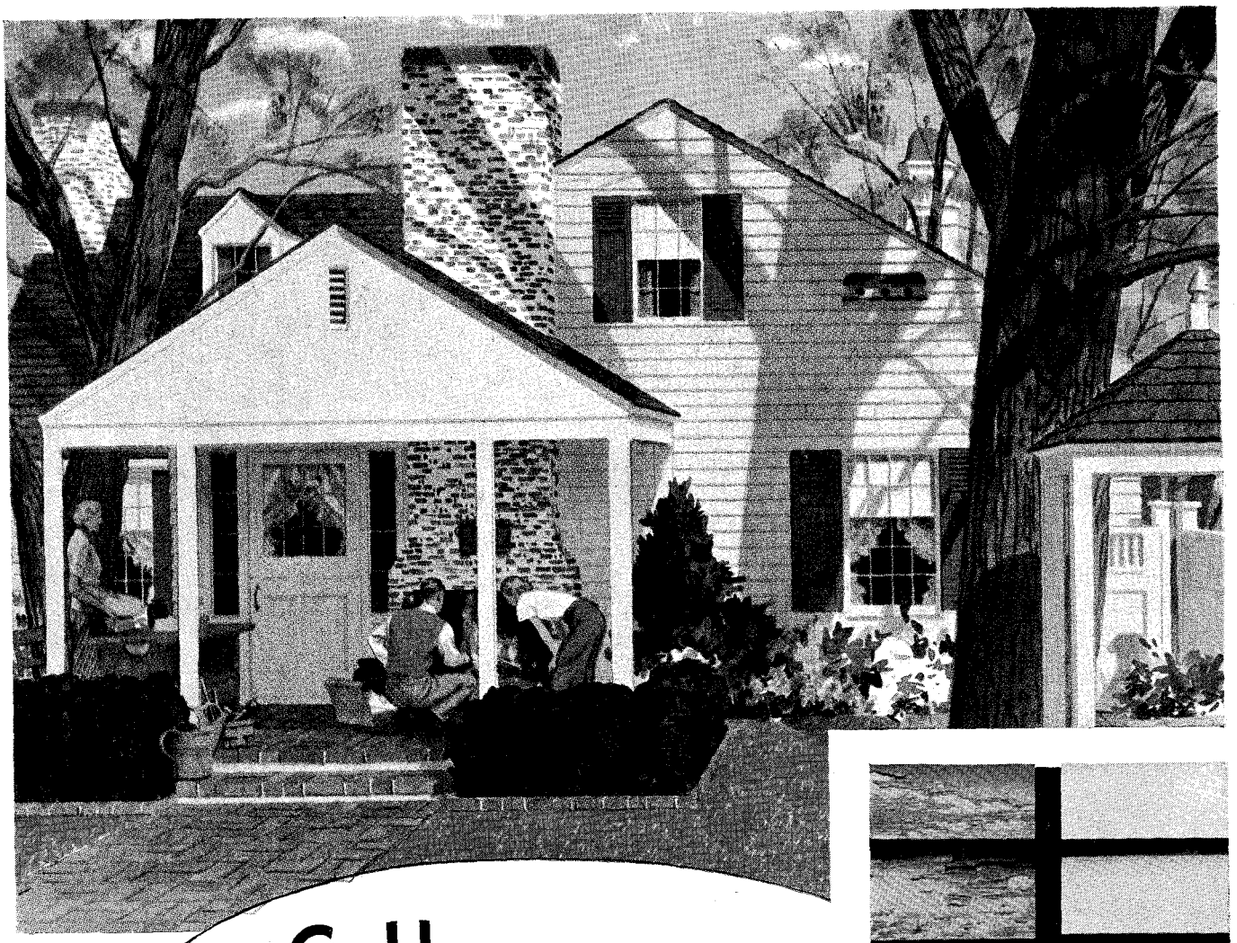
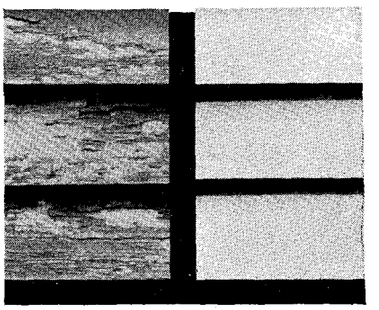


A Home is built for Happiness...

... LET DUTCH BOY KEEP IT LOOKING CHEERFUL!



"CHEAP" PAINT *after 1½ years*

Cost $110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at $60 more. Total, $170, or $113 per year for the job. And on top of all that there's another extra to pay for, the additional cost of a new priming coat.

DUTCH BOY *after 4 years*

Located in same section as the "cheap" paint job. Cost $120, or $30 per year to date, and will cost still less as time goes on. No burning and scraping and no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.

HAPPINESS, like charity, begins at home. But how can you feel completely happy, if every time you look at your home it reminds you of the mistake you made when you had it painted—the mistake of using "cheap" paint?

The first photograph at the right shows you what to expect from "cheap" paint . . . how it soon cracks and scales away, ruining the appearance of a house and exposing it to the ravages of the weather.

And that's only half the story. Before new paint can be put on, the old must be taken off—burned and scraped off, down to the bare wood. And then an extra coat—a new priming coat—must be applied. These unexpected costs eat up all the money you hoped to save by using "cheap" paint.

Now note the difference with Dutch Boy! There's not a sign of cracking and scaling. For Dutch Boy White-Lead resists the weather . . . wears down slowly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.

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If lack of ready cash prevents you from painting, take advantage of the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan. No down payment. Surprisingly small monthly installments. Check the coupon for full information. But mail it to us anyway—for it brings you our illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In", which tells how to modernize with paint and what to look for when buying a paint job. Address Department 234, in care of the nearest branch.

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Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

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enter, three official tasters sit around a table. When the meat comes in, each taster puts a slice in his mouth and chews it appreciatively. Then he removes it and fills out a long record-card.

By that time, the cook is back again with another set of samples. The tasters rinse their mouths with water or remove the lingering flavors with thin slices of apple. Then they tackle the new pieces, savoring them as before.

Taste-Sensitivity—It's part of the day's work for Department of Agriculture workers blessed with an acute sense of taste. About twenty of them, who are regular members of the Bureau of Animal Industries and the Bureau of Home Economics, have passed taste tests.

Over several years, the tasters have sampled thousands of legs of mutton, beef roasts, savory steaks and loins of pork. Their rating-cards have settled such large problems as whether tenderness in meat is affected by feeding animals grain, whether there is any improvement in flavor when meat is cured.

Some of these matters, tenderness, for example, could be measured by machine. The Department of Agriculture has a shearing-apparatus for making such tests but prefers, finally, to check up its facts in the court of last resort, the human palate.

Regular members of the staff, O. G. Haskins of the Bureau of Animal Industries recently revealed, have submitted to taste tests to see who had the most sensitive palates. One way of making the test was to offer samples of salt-water containing different percentages of salt varying from .01 per cent. to 2 per cent. Workers who couldn't taste the salt except in the 2 per cent. sample obviously hadn't a keen sense of taste. The good tasters detected salt at .01 to .04 per cent.

Scientific Feeding—The meat to be tasted comes from live stock raised by the Department of Agriculture at the National Agricultural Research Center, Beltville, Maryland, or at some state institution cooperating in a strictly scientific manner with the Department.

Recently, W. H. Black, Senior Animal Husbandman, and his colleagues, K. F. Warner and C. V. Wilson, wanted to know whether the most tender beef came from cattle raised on grass alone or from cattle fed grain as well.

The meat of four groups of steers was prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, and slices of muscle from over the tenth rib served to the judges. The verdict was unanimous; the grain-fed steers won the day.

In another experiment, experts wanted to know whether there was any truth in the old idea that steer meat is better than heifer meat. From fifty-six steers and fifty-four heifers, standard rib cuts were taken and roasted. The judges, a committee of five, were called in.

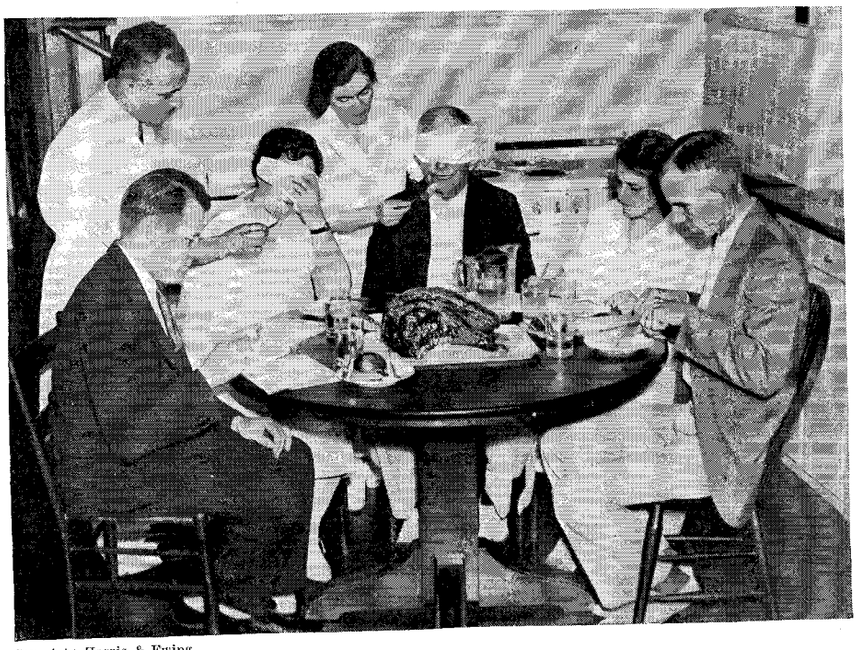
Grading the samples for tenderness, quality and quantity of juice, texture, intensity and desirability of aroma, and the flavor of the lean and fat parts, the tasters within a few hours had destroyed a belief as old as the cattle industry in this country. The official tasters could find no difference between the meat of steers and that of heifers.

Prolonged Tests—It required tasting 1,222 legs of lamb to settle the question as to whether ripening improved the meat. The judging committee worked on this long task about an hour a day, between one and two o'clock, after lunch. They were required to judge each leg of lamb on a seven-degree scale: (1) extremely tough, (2) very tough, (3) tough, (4) slightly tough, (5) moderately tender, (6) tender, (7) very tender.

The average showed that curing the meat for ten days improved the rating from slightly tough to better than moderately tender.

The Department of Agriculture also tested the relative toughness of left and right legs of lamb. Forty-eight left legs were matched with forty-eight corresponding right legs. There was no detectable difference.

Altho the Department hasn't gotten around to right and left hams as yet, the lamb leg test indicates that a right ham sandwich wouldn't be a bad bet right now.



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Government meat-tasters, blindfolded but expert: the U. S. Department of Agriculture's cleverest palates judge the quality of meats daily. Average citizens can't tell veal from pork

SCIENCE SHORTS: Wooden Sponges, Cigarette-Smoking Machines, Other Marvels

Last week sea sponges got a break. Millions have been giving up their lives yearly to aid the average American with his daily bath. Now they can live their marine routine in peace, for two French inventors, L. P. G. Vautier and R. Fays, have received an American patent for making sponges of any shape and size from wood.

They propose to do it by dissolving the wood chemically, mixing the result with large crystals of salt, and coagulating it with chemicals in a mold. The salt then is to be dissolved out, leaving a rubbery mass with large pores in it, like a genuine sponge.

* * *

Puffer—Three inventors of Richmond, Virginia, J. A. Bradford, W. R. Harlan and H. R. Hanmer, have evolved a machine that reproduces to perfection one human activity not hitherto preempted by the machine. Their apparatus smokes cigarettes, and not only one, but four at a time, puffing alternately.

Its purpose is to test cigarettes chemically, to learn what effect they have on the human body.

* * *

Civil Service—The last grain of comfort for motorists is promised by W. E. Lindsay, of Denver, Colorado, who received a patent last week for a real labor-saving idea: curb-service for banks, department stores, soda-fountains and other businesses.

At the curb-line in front of each establishment is to be an apparatus that looks like a gasoline pump. It will contain a two-way telephone, a periscope and a conveyer. If a motorist wishes to cash a check, for example, he will drive to the curb in front of the bank, open a metal door and communicate with the cashier by telephone. The indorsed check then will be laid on the conveyer. Back will come the cash.

* * *

Shocking Borers—Victor H. Schmidt, an experimenter of Kansas City, has a method of dislodging elm-borers that is literally shocking.

Weary of digging them out one by one with a pocket-knife, Mr. Schmidt drove nails a couple of inches apart into the tree and turned on the juice from an old automobile magneto.

Out came the borers with alacrity, waving their heads in astonishment. Subsequent digging, Mr. Schmidt reported in *Science*, proved that the evacuation had been 100 per cent. complete. He thinks that with a more powerful current nurserymen and orchardists could use his idea.

* * *

Taller Japanese—"Don't fondle or bounce the baby; if it cries, let it alone."

This American rule for raising babies, along with orange-juice and cod-liver oil, sun-baths and strained vegetables, would make the next generation of Japanese an inch and a half taller than the present one, reports Miss Christine Nuno, Director of Public Health Nursing at St. Luke's International Medical Center, Tokyo.

Miss Nuno, an American, home on a visit to New York, says scientific methods of rearing babies are sweeping Japan. What made the oldsters small, explains Miss Nuno, was chiefly their unbalanced diet of rice and fish.

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Ride more Safely Ride more Smoothly

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*the only low-priced car with the famous Knee-Action Ride**

THE final proof of merit in any field is popularity; and the most popular motor car improvement of the past several years is Chevrolet's Knee-Action Gliding Ride*.

More than 2,000,000 Knee-Action cars are now in the hands of owners; and more people are buying Knee-Action cars *this* year than ever before.

Ask any of these owners what they think of Knee-Action and they will tell you that actual owner experience, covering billions of miles of travel, has proved that it gives the world's safest, smoothest ride.

You, too, will ride much more *safely* over all types of roads in a Knee-Action Chevrolet, because Knee-Action gives easier steering and better braking control, and provides firmer, surer roadability at all speeds.

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The 1936 Chevrolet is the only low-priced car with Knee-Action and all the other important features listed here. See—drive—and buy this *only complete low-priced car!*

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NEW PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES (Double-Acting, Self-Articulating), *the safest and smoothest brakes ever developed* • **SOLID STEEL ONE-PIECE TURRET TOP,** *a crown of beauty, a fortress of safety* • **IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE***, *the smoothest, safest ride of all* • **GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION in New Turret Top Bodies,** *the most beautiful and comfortable bodies ever created for a low-priced car* • **HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE,** *giving even better performance with even less gas and oil* • **SHOCKPROOF STEERING***, *making driving easier and safer than ever before.*

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALLMENT PLAN—MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE. *Available in Master De Luxe models only. Knee-Action, $20 additional.

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GAG-WRITING: IT'S BIG BUSINESS NOW

Fantastic Methods Are Followed by Top-Notch Jokesters

Among those who make radio comedians funny: Harry Tugend (left), gag-man for Fred Allen, started as a hobo; Harry Conn (right) tap-danced before he hit typewriter-keys

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

"That w'a'n't no lady; that was—!"

If you can complete that gag a hundred different ways in as many minutes, you are a potential gag-writer. Eddie Cantor, if you run into him, may put you on his pay-roll as he did his taxi-driver, one night, when the man got better "twists" on his repartee than he did on his steering-wheel.

But if you go professional, you'll need an office with filing-cabinets, telephones, drinking water and a bookkeeper who isn't frightened by big figures. Gag-writing today comes under the head of big business; profits often run into thousands a year.

The time when a gag-writer could glean a few jokes from his well-stocked memory is definitely past, buried under the protests of the average listener-in. With the supply of good jokes limited, the best ones were overworked; it used to be no uncommon experience to hear the same joke on three programs in a single evening.

As a consequence, the dial-twisters tuned in on the sly burlesque of Fred Allen, the fantastic lunacies of Stoopnagle and Budd and the "operas" of Ed Wynn. Radio humor has turned from what made Joe Miller famous toward what has labeled Charlie Chaplin and Walt Disney geniuses —the creation of character.

Top-Notchers' Day—The more clever of the gag-men, who stand behind the comedians, welcome the new order of things; top-notchers such as Dave Freedman, Harry Conn, Sam Perrin, Arthur Phillips and Mort Lewis are thriving. With the increased time allotted to them in character sketches, they can build up the two-line joke so that the final line is the more devastating. Writing satirical skits, building up situations with gags woven in, gives them a broader scope. They are versatile fellows, shunning ruts; they would work badly if they got stuck in them.

Their life histories are as varied as they are interesting; few got into radio except through more or less accidental circumstances. Jack Cusick "arrived" after he had been hit over the head by Chicago gangsters. Whiling away his time in the hospital, he took to writing gags. Ben Bernie, without being hit on the head, liked them. Other gag-men who got into the game *via* the hospital route were Robert Ross, writer for the Marx brothers and half a dozen other comedians, and Dave Freedman, who became a magazine writer while recovering from an illness, only to land eventually on Eddie Cantor's pay-roll.

Altho it may help, hospitalization is not the only method of landing in the gag-writing business. Wilkie Mahoney, writing for Ed Wynn and others, made the grade *via* the humorous magazine route—*Life, Judge, Captain Billy's Whizbang, etc.*

Harry Tugend, who has the distinction of having been given a by-line in radio programs, ran away from home to become a hobo and migratory worker. Eventually, he became associated with the show business, writing a part in which Fred Allen was to appear on the stage. The show never reached rehearsals; but Allen, who generally does his own radio writing, hired Tugend to help prepare the *Town Hall* program.

Rise Through Stage—A number of gag-men made stepping-stones of stage connections. Harry Conn, one of the most prolific of writers, once was "tapping 'em out" with his toes. Sam Perrin, who writes for Phil Baker, learned where to put the accent through playing trap-drums. John P. Medbury, who writes thousands of gags from which Burns and Allen select their material, had to develop a sense of humor to survive his stint as a newspaper columnist.

It seems that no two gag-men work alike. Some work by day; some by night. Some require solitude; others work best with people swarming all around them. Robert Ross and Wilkie Mahoney write in their apartments. But W. W. Scott has an office in a Broadway building and keeps hours as regularly as any other business man. Dave Freedman has a staff of three assistants. Most of them have complete jokester files and libraries.

The rangy and serious Dave Freedman has the most efficient gag organization. In his fourteen-room penthouse, he works alongside his two assistants, Jack Murray and Phil Rapp, poring through magazines, newspapers and books. They have filed and cataloged and cross-referenced 75,000 jokes and have a library of 2,000 joke books and books on humor.

Harry Conn, formerly with Jack Benny, will write Joe Penner's new show this fall. A "hokum mind" is the kind of intellect he says he has. As a boy, when asked where the Capital of the United States was located, his reply was: "It's in Rockefeller's pocket." A big, sad, slow individual whose gag business takes all his time, he believes that love and money are the two staples to jerk a program out of the doldrums.

Dour Comedians—"The House of Trouble" is the workshop where Burns and Allen

Comedian without gag-man: Jack Benny has decided to write his own laughs for the coming season. The hat, he believes, makes him look more like a newspaper man

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Every Monday · Wednesday · Friday
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This year, for the 21st consecutive year, Goodyear is "re-elected."

The "vote" accorded Goodyear—in terms of tire purchases—during all those years, now stands at the tremendous total of a quarter of a *billion*—millions more than that of any other tire!

Such popularity can be born only of *performance*—promises kept—duties fulfilled!

Goodyear is a tire "for the people"—not alone for the "privileged." Every motorist can afford the extra Margin of Safety and the extra non-skid mileage offered by Goodyear Tires.

Join the "majority." Ride—with the rest of the world—on Goodyear Tires!

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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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programs take shape. In the Burns Hollywood home, Burns, his brother Willy, John P. Medbury and Harvey Helm get together around a table cluttered with the remains of tomato-juice, scrambled eggs and coffee. "Four dour, despondent males—and sometimes a slightly dizzy female (Gracie)—," according to a Columbia story for a Birmingham paper, undertake a post-mortem of the show preceding the festivities.

Eventually they go to work. Around the thread upon which the future show will hang, they try to weave sustaining wise-cracks. Willy acts as secretary. The completed script gets a rehearsal, is cut ruthlessly, and is constantly in a state of evolution until it goes on the air.

But whatever his hours or his methods, the radio gag-man can not work like the writer of revue skits. His function is not only to amuse; he must get the listener into the proper frame of mind to listen to sales-talk on some commodity.

The first duty of the gag-man in preparing his script is to make a list of tabus. To begin with, there are the usual station bars against profanity, obscenity and the wounding of sensitive racial feelings. Next come the prohibitions of the sponsor. If the program advertises cosmetics, there can be no jokes about a gal's complexion coming off on a fellow's coat lapel; no jokes about drunkenness on a beer program.

Perishable Popularity—Then there are the comedians. Many of them, gag-men will tell you, have all of the actor's well-known egotism. Also they realize that popularity is a highly perishable product; they are extremely jealous of the lines bringing in the biggest laughs.

Moreover, each comedian has his special style of delivery, excluding many lines which might do very well when spoken by another. Ben Bernie once thought up a gag which seemed better for Wynn than for himself; he gave it to Wynn for a Christmas present.

After the script is completed, there still comes the ordeal of rehearsals. Here, many of a writer's choicest quips are mutilated or plucked out entirely while the comedians and executives fight over the bones. Finally comes the little group of sponsors and advertising men, sitting in a glassed-off room wearing on their faces the look of vultures. They do their best to pick the bones clean.

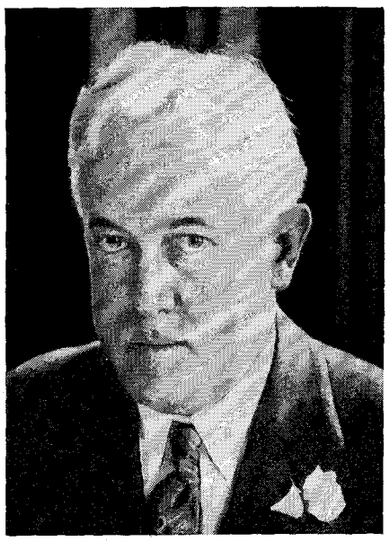
Having run this final course, the wilted gag-man's brain-child is ready to try its wings on the air.

VITAL PATENTS: RCA-Philco Court Fight Will Determine Right to Revoke Licenses for Radios

When statisticians balance their books for 1936, one figure sure to catch their eyes will be 7,500,000 new radio receivers sold. Delving into this all-time high record, business men will find $60 the average selling price of radios; that the infant industry will produce $500,000,000 worth of goods for the first time.

Also, they will note that there is another $75,000,000 for servicing and repairs and $40,000,000 for replacement tubes. All those sales mean driblets of nickels and dimes to the coffers of the enterprising Radio Corporation of America. Having between 3,800 and 4,000 patents on devices vital to radio manufacture, RCA is in the position to prevent building of modern radios by any one not licensed to use these basic inventions.

Ordinarily, this No. 1 company in the American radio industry is ready and willing to enter into royalty agreements with prospective manufacturers. On Monday, September 14, however, in the granite-faced Court of Chancery at Wilmington, Delaware, where many a battle over corporation law has been threshed out, RCA



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John W. Davis: he is legal spokesman for RCA

will fight to uphold the right it maintains to revoke licenses to use its basic patents.

PSBC and RCA—Millions of radio listeners know this program signature: "Boake Carter comes to you as a presentation of the Philco Radio and Television Corporation." Few would recognize in the Philadelphia Storage Battery Company the parent of Philco. In the Wilmington suit, this company is attempting to prevent the revoking of the licenses granted to it by RCA for use in manufacture of radio patents held by RCA.

A cross-suit entered by RCA will seek to uphold its right to revoke licenses. Technically, the suit concerns the licensing by RCA of PSBC to use its numerous patents. Actually, the suit concerns the royalties paid to RCA by PSBC.

The background of the case discloses that in 1934, by reorganization, the Philadelphia Storage Battery Company established the Philco Radio and Television Corporation, until then a 100 per cent. subsidiary of PSBC, as an independent corporation with the agreement, RCA claims, that Philco would market all PSBC's output.

Sales of PSBC to Philco, rather than the sales of Philco to the trade, were made the basis of the royalties to be paid to RCA for its patents, and also the basis of the Federal excise tax, RCA briefs contend.

Before reorganization of PSBC and Philco in 1934, the same system had been in effect, PSBC paying royalties on the price quoted to its own subsidiary, Philco, and establishment of Philco as a separate corporation was expected to settle the difficulty. According to RCA officials, the Corporation refused to be "taken in," and, on April 9, 1935, notice was served on PSBC charging it was defaulting on its licensing agreement and was in danger of losing its permission to employ RCA patents in manufacture.

Under the RCA plan, a second notice is served to licensees at the end of thirty days, giving thirty more days to remedy the situation or default in the license. The restraining order against RCA revoking the license was filed by PSBC on May 1, 1935, and the cross-bill by RCA immediately thereafter.

Obviously, PSBC and Philco can not afford to have their licenses revoked, since denial of RCA's patent rights would prevent PSBC from making radios. RCA claims it is not getting the right amount in royalties, and that PSBC is defrauding both RCA and the Government. PSBC claims the royalties are in order, and there the case rests. John W. Davis will handle the RCA side of the question.

Filing of the suit brings the fascinating problem of television once more to the fore. As well as its patents on radio parts, RCA also holds numerous rights over television set construction. Revoking of the patent licenses to PSBC presumably would prevent its manufacture of television sets.

But behind the suit and corporation arguments, television is facing its own grave problems. Some erroneously believe television already is an accomplished fact and that it is being withheld from the market either because times are not yet prosperous enough to give a sufficient margin of profit or that one or another of the great corporations is trying to get a strangle-hold over a new and vital industry.

Actually, television is attempting to avoid the hopeless jumble of patent arguments, overlapping wave-bands and quickly outmoded sets which greeted the advent of radio. Engineers feel that a television set placed on the market to-day would be outmoded in a year and, with prices as they are, the industry might be crippled.

To build a single set might take $10,000. If there were mass production, an arbitrary price of $500 could be quoted. The whole thing hangs on market and production.

To-day, television might be called a laboratory success. It has been a long process of developing the fundamental conception through a mechanical form of expression in which metal disks with minute holes were used to pick up the picture to the present completely electrified process.

This process, roughly, is as follows:

The ordinary motion-picture film presents a series of still pictures, known as frames, at twenty-four a second, beguiling the eye into the conception of continuously flowing motion. Television uses the same principle, but has stepped up the number of frames to thirty a second for greater clarity and smoothness. Each of these frames, for further clarity, must be divided into elemental areas, since the human eye never sees anything as a whole, but scans the pictures rapidly and conveys the impression of the whole into the eye.

This image falls on a plate covered with photoelectric cells which make a mosaic of light and shade which can be scanned by a beam. Then a pick-up tube, known as the iconoscope, most expensive and important part of the mechanism, receives the impulses of light in varying length, frequency and intensity. The iconoscope must be used at both ends, broadcast and reception, to dissect and reproduce.

For refinement of the image, engineers are working to attain from 440 to 450 scanning lines a second, again for clarity and detail, since the more elemental areas that can be scanned, the better the results. It also must be noted that the receiving set

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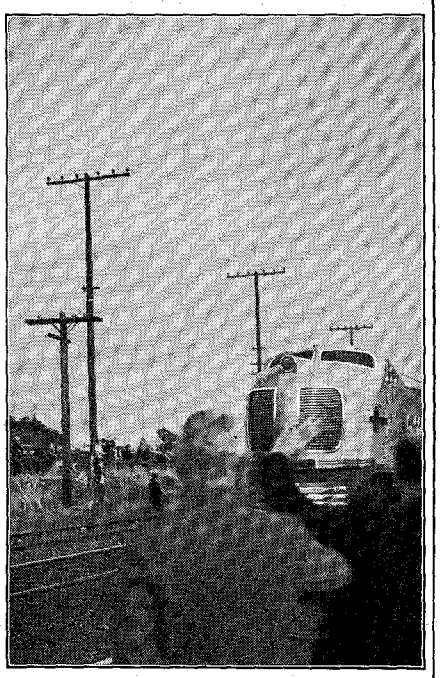
WESTERN TRAVEL NEWS

San Francisco Streamliner Is Sensation

Since its first "voyage" in June, most amazing phenomenon in the history of the Streamliner **City of San Francisco** has been its gallery. No circus ever drew bigger crowds. Three months after its inauguration, thousands still line the tracks, wait breathlessly for the Streamliner to flash by, wave briefly, go home well satisfied.

No less phenomenal has been the tremendous demand for accommodations. Practical travelers like the idea of speeding between Chicago and San Francisco (2,263 miles over North Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific rails) *in one business day.* Romantic travelers enjoy participating in a new transportation era.

For reservations on the **City of San Francisco,** cross-continent travelers may see any railroad agent or write or wire Southern Pacific's Passenger Traffic Manager, **O. P. Bartlett,** Dept. LD-9, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago. If no space is available, remember that Southern Pacific's famed **Overland Limited** and **Pacific Limited** are still hours faster than any other *daily* trains between Chicago and San Francisco.



Gallery

They go home well satisfied

SUMMER ENDS OCT. 15

Travelers wishing to take advantage of reduced summer roundtrip fares across the continent must start their trips before midnight October 15, last sale date for summer excursion fares and official end of the railroad summer season. For expert help in planning your trip, write **Mr. Bartlett** (see address above).

must trace with the same speed as the sending unit.

Next problem to be faced is broadcasting. Where sound-waves follow the earth's arc, can be picked up anywhere, television's waves go straight out into the so-called ether. Thus, the present range of television is restricted to a circle, with a radius approximating twenty-five miles. To broadcast farther necessitates a relay-station, or booster, every twenty-five miles.

The alternative is a wire system such as that used for wired photographs, but television can not succeed with the frequently blurry results now given by wirephotos, and there are no wire systems at present which can support the frequencies needed for television.

As an alternative, motion-picture films can be synchronized to receive the thirty frames a second of television and the programs can be canned and shipped much as recordings now are made, but the effect of simultaneous occurrence and broadcast is lost.

This connects directly with the economic problem of paying for the broadcasts. No sponsor wants a broadcast which can be picked up only within a few miles.

The other great problem, now being studied by the Federal Communications Commission, is that of assigning wave-bands to various broadcasting agencies and again getting the jump on the difficulties which confronted radio. Now, the air-channel for a picture broadcast is three megacycles, which, with an adjoining band for sound, brings the complete channel to four megacycles. As the proposed scanning-lines increase, the dimensions of the air-channel also swell alarmingly. For example, the channel for 440 to 450 scanning lines is approximately six megacycles.

To their other problems, then, the engineers must add that of making a receiver which is adaptable to all wave-bands and not restricted to one station. They must consider the problem of just how much size will be required for the screen (at present, six by eight inches) and finally, arrive at a product in such an advanced state that improvements will not seriously affect the fundamental concept and necessitate completely abandoning early models. At the arbitrary price of $500 a set, such a procedure would be ruinous.

Those are the reasons why television is not represented at this year's National Electrical and Radio Exposition at the Grand Central Palace, sponsored by the Electrical Association of New York, which opened on Wednesday, September 9. All that is newest, tho tried and true, is there for the radio listener.

A glance into the kaleidoscope of this year's radio developments reveals many unusual and interesting new sets. The receivers are far more attractive in their cabinet appearance than those of previous years. Stream-lining is there with a bang, stressing the ultimate in engineering as television hovers just around the corner.

Were dial twiddlers at the show to tune down to the ultrashort waves, they would hear a low, constant hum as if they had picked up the drone of a near-by dynamo. They would see no picture, but they would be picking up the RCA's field station in the Empire State Building. There, RCA engineers, often working twenty-four hours a day, are spending the last of a $1,000,000 appropriation in efforts to eliminate newly created problems in television looking toward eventual production of a marketable, finished product. Radio taught television the lesson that haste makes waste.

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UNION PACIFIC

Letters and Art

BETTER PICTURES FOR AMERICAN HOME

Dealers Offer New Varieties to Get Away From "Horror" Age

This, it seems, is to be a boom year for picture buying. People are refurbishing their houses, looking for something to fill that blank space over the mantel, and generally warming the hearts of picture dealers.

Of the 30,000,000 families populating this country, fewer than five per cent.—because of lack of money or lack of interest—own paintings by masters, ancient or modern. The rest depend upon reproductions of good and bad paintings or inexpensive originals painted for popular appeal.

Art buyers from all parts of the country last week met in New York with a common desire to fulfil the artistic longings of the average home. At the annual Art and Gift Show, they viewed the gadgetry and pictures that clutter gift shops, department stores, and even roadside inns, doing business in novelties and inexpensive art.

America's feeling for art is still in the plastic stage. Dealers say that the country at large progressed little or not at all in thirty years. The last few it has improved considerably, and authorities sigh relief that "calendar art" has died completely.

Lure of "Horrors"—But a lot of bad art still flourishes and commercial buyers can not ignore the market for "horrors" that are sure sales. The 18th century mezzotint engraving and its cheap imitations survive all fads. Pale, pastel-tinted bewigged ladies and gentlemen, framed in rococo gilt, decorate more walls than the Empire State building has windows.

Other sure sellers, either reproductions or originals, are landscapes and floral subjects—anything, in fact, that is impersonal. For that reason, portraits, even reproductions of paintings by accepted masters, have little sale.

Not many of the old stand-bys—"Mona Lisa," "Old Ironsides," "Hope" (see cut), "The Angelus," and "Road of Trees"—any or all of which could be found in practically any American home, have been published in good reproductions, for about ten years. High-priced print-makers have become conscience-stricken about their public. A certain amount of bad art has to be produced. But they are letting the lower-priced publishers cater to that demand, and attempting to raise the standards of people.

Dirt cheap art, for sale in chain drug stores or ten cent stores, features along with the tested classics most of Maxfield Parrish's pictures, ships, scenic wonders—Yosemite, the Grand Canyon and similar views—fruits and flowers, and babies.

The public will always buy familiar subjects. More than a million pictures ranging in price from ten cents to a dollar, are sold in this country annually. For this type picture, the reproduction is the least expensive part of the cost. If a print retails at twenty-five cents, eight cents is spent on the frame, four cents on the glass, and two cents on the actual picture.

German Superiority—Except for very inexpensive reproductions, almost no printing is done in this country. Germany and Austria do the best reproductions obtainable. A process known as collotype, discovered and perfected in Germany ten years ago, enjoys to-day's verdict of being the best photomechanical process for picture reproduction. It perfectly reproduces not only the actual color tones, but the feeling of canvas and oil texture present in an original.

"Le Vase Bleu": Cezanne's popularity increases

Collotype conveys the magic appeal which every good picture possesses, because the means of attaining the desired effect do not disturb the effect itself. It is a mechanical process in which the human element is closer to the skill of a great surgeon than an actual creative triumph.

Four recognized houses do the majority of collotype prints that have flooded this country recently: Max Jaffe in Vienna, F. Bruckmann in Munich, Piper in Leipzig, and Franz Hanfstangl, uncle of Ernst "Puzzy" Hanfstangl, Hitler's close friend and adviser. These houses have specialized in reproducing the better pictures, and were the first to publish moderns. Van Gogh, Cezanne, Degas, Picasso, Modigliani, Chirico, in fact almost any painter of any school, can be found in one of these collections. Unframed they retail at $15 to $50, depending on the size.

In the last three years a new type of

"Hope": . . . to be found in many homes

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popular inexpensive art has sprung up. Dealers, interested in tracing its source, feel politics is responsible for its rise. Anti-Semitism in Germany has led to a boycott of German goods in many parts of this country, and consequently decreased the sale of German prints.

Rapid Sales—To fill the gap, dealers sought out indigent artists, asked them to paint pictures by the dozen for nominal fees, and put their works on the market. They sold fast and more were demanded. To-day, several hundred artists, some who had achieved a small fame and others who never arrived, have put their pride in their pockets, selected fancy *nom de plumes,* and are turning out canvases to order.

People who buy inexpensive "hand-painted pictures," as they almost invariably call them, are not too discriminating in their taste. They want, academic, conventional subjects, painted in colors that will match their rugs or furniture. Landscapes with autumnal colors, stippled trees and lots of reflections, are most popular. Seascapes with quantities of white spume are favorites, and flowers are dependable perennials. Anything approaching the modern is tabued.

For these sports, artists get from $10 to $25, depending again on size, and the popularity of the unknown artist. They sell anywhere from $25 to $85, framed and delivered.

Americans, notably temperamental in their buying, become even more so when they approach a picture dealer. No amount of delivering surveys explain why tastes criss-cross the country the way they do. Dealers can spot a prospective purchaser and before they say "good afternoon," invariably tell what sort of picture he has come in to buy.

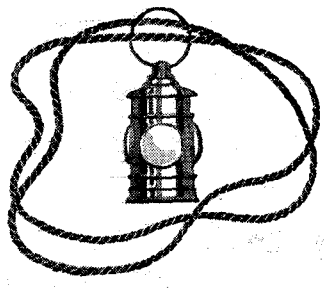
Cities' Peculiarities—Regional taste is fairly regimented, but without rime or reason. In good or bad prints or originals, seascapes won't sell in Rochester, New York. Animals won't sell in Chicago. Boston and New England have no use for moderns. That part of the country likes conservative subjects, such as ship prints and portraits by long-dead masters.

The South fancies portraits, too. "Anything that looks like an ancestor," one dealer said. Unanimously, dealers give our Southern States a black eye for taste: "They like anything blah," in the opinion of those who make it their business to know. Degas is popular in Dixie, as is any artist who paints fluff in pastels. Moderns are coldly shunned.

The Middle West goes in for "pretty pictures," by both contemporary painters and academicians. Florals are favorites here, as elsewhere. New Yorkers, like sheep, follow the current fad. They skip from one painter to another and buy copies of whatever artist's work is being currently shown. Their taste is completely catholic, however, embracing everything from the old standbys to the ultramoderns. Preference on the West Coast parallels that of New York.

Stimulation of Sales—The recent craze for Van Gogh—whose name became familiar to thousands who never knew he existed, through the fictionalized biography, "Lust for Life,"—has its aftermath in the sale of his prints. That, plus the fact that the collection of his paintings is traveling throughout the country, has stimulated the sale of prints to well over a million copies.

Currently, Cezanne (see cut) is becoming the vogue, with *Gauguin* a close second in popularity. So far dealers haven't been



The Port Watch says—

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When you walk up the gangplank of the *Washington* or *Manhattan* you see at once that you are going to like your voyage. There's an air about these ships that promises the finest American comforts. Your favorable impression grows when you are shown to your cabin. It's big . . . probably bigger than your bedroom at home.

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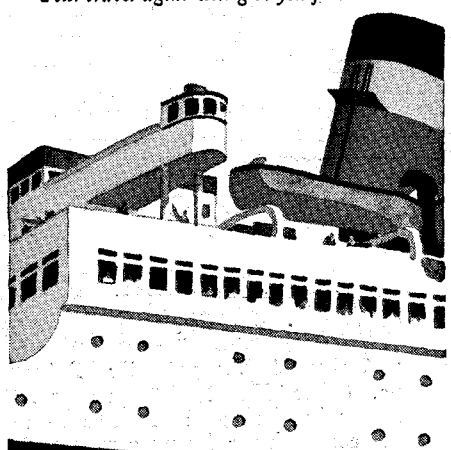

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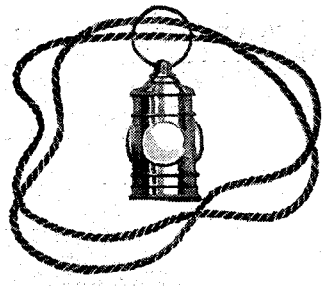

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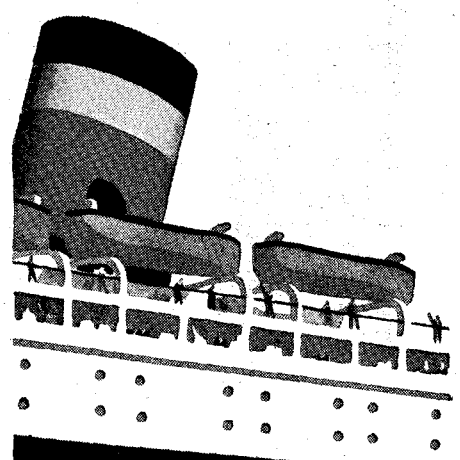
$181 each for two to British ports in large room with real beds and private shower. Tourist fare $116 up. Third class $84.50 up.

Other travel bargains of the United States Lines: The popular *President Harding* and *President Roosevelt* $129 up, and the American Merchant Line direct to London, $100.



UNITED STATES LINES

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able to figure out why. It may be that word has spread that these painters are "the thing" to have. But the general impression is that the colors they used match more curtains to-day than those of other painters.

NEW BOOKS: Last Manchu; Vigor and Irony From DuBose Heyward; Oaf and Angel

The Last Empress. By Daniele Varé; 320 pp. (Garden City, New York; Doubleday, Doran and Company; $3.)

Tzu-Hsi, last of the ruling Manchus in the China that found itself so ill-equipped to resist the importunities of the Great Powers, continues as fabulous at the end of this book as she was before its reading. The Dowager Empress was a woman of beauty, resource and energy; but she also was an anachronism.

And she was hedged in by Manchu etiquette, stiffer than Royalist Spanish. Altho the world talked about her, few knew her intimately.

When the Japanese War revealed the gaping holes in China's armor, and the Powers jumped at the chance to increase their "spheres of influence" at a staggered China's expense, Tzu-Hsi tried to make the country safe for Chinese by opposition to Western "reformers." She engineered a *coup-d'état* which made the young Emperor virtually her prisoner. Under her, China girded her loins to halt the foreign devils.

Some Results—The Boxer uprising was one of the results; the flight of the court from Peking to Hsianfu was another. But for all her efforts, the Empress merely succeeded in further weakening China. She was a lovely Oriental Canute, bidding the tide of ever-more-powerful Occidental armaments to recede. With a queenly good grace, Tzu-Hsi suffered this loss of face.

Critical Opinion — BUFFALO TIMES: *". . . like a chapter from 'The Arabian Nights.' There is force in Signor Varé's rare portrayal of this unconquerable spirit*

From "The Last Empress"

Tzu-Hsi, last of the ruling Manchus

. . . when his prose becomes the very stuff of poetry."

* * *

Lost Morning. By DuBose Heyward; 270 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $2.50.)

When an author departs from a successful medium such as was set by "Porgy" and "Porgy and Bess," there is apt to be an immediate arming of critical forces to give combat. Probably Mr. Heyward anticipated some such reaction, for the story of *Felix Hollister* is that of a man who became wealthy etching commonplace subjects for commonplace collectors, then threw over everything for his first love, modeling in clay. In *Hollister's* case, not only the critics, but also the whole community rose up against him.

He did the unforgivable thing; he stuck to his guns.

As an art student in Paris, *Hollister* met *Miriam*, an American girl full of ideas. As her husband, he etched iron gates and church towers and black cliffs and gentle rivers. He abandoned his clay because, as *Miriam* pointed out, there was a bigger market for $25 proofs than $2,500 statuettes. The first thing he knew, he was etching on a quantity production basis. Only his assistant, the sensitive girl *Leslie*, suspected that secretly he grieved because he had not been true to himself.

Big Money—The blow-up came with a rush. *Miriam* wangled a contract out of a cigarette manufacturer, who saw big money in the use of *Felix's* etchings in advertisements. This was the last straw, altho *Leslie* was becoming something of a problem, too, getting herself killed by an automobile in such a way that the town of *Exeter* thought it was suicide, that *Felix* had betrayed her devotion.

Finally, *Felix* packed up the things he wanted and fled to the rigors of a small studio. There his daughter *Felicia* found him, rejoiced in what he had done and added iron to his resolution, so that *Miriam* might not wheedle him back to advertisements and unworthy fame.

There is nothing new in the theme of the artist's eternal warfare with the world about him. But, as might be expected, Mr. Heyward has attacked his thesis with vigor brightly polished with an irony that loses little in its urbanity.

Critical Opinions—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: *"Here is the type of emotional and ethical problem which most going and successful people imagine is close to them. . . . For all the tenderness and sympathy of the story, the author can not resist an occasional note of irony."*

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: *"'Lost Morning,' with its stock situations and stock types, is by no means worthy of Mr. Heyward's talents. It is a good-enough novel. . . . It is easy to read. One fears that it was easy enough to write."*

* * *

I Am the Fox. By Winifred Van Etten; 358 pp. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company; $2.50.)

Selma, hard upon the heels of her engagement to *Heath*, imagined she was the fox and he the hunter. She drew this unromantic concept from his exultation as they stood upon a hill and watched the hounds come baying to the kill.

All her life, it seemed, *Selma* was running away from hounds. Life is real and life is earnest in her busy little mind as she reviews one incident after another—incidents which, one suspects, a great many

Winifred Van Etten: . . . her women are "understanding angels" and men "oafish ignoramuses"

women manage to take in their stride, imagination or no imagination.

Reversions to *Selma's* earlier years piece together a sensitive maidenhood which splashes and breaks against her insensitive fiancé. In the end, she finds that the hunted fox in her has betrayed her. She is a captured woman, not a fox at bay.

The tale belongs to that school of fiction in which women are understanding angels while men are oafish ignoramuses. The author, however, has been realist enough to recognize that the oaf has a race-old attraction for the angel. In Winifred Van Etten, there appears a young emotionalist who will bear watching.

Critical Opinions—NEW YORK SUN: *". . . not a novel at all, but a series of episodes, speciously and artificially linked together by the flimsiest of chains, a chain baffling to the reader whose admiration for the work is at times tempered by a hazy wonder as to what it is all about."*

NEW YORK POST: *"The current choice for* The Atlantic Monthly *prize of $10,000 . . . is, on the whole, as extraordinary a selection as I have encountered in all my long experience. In fact, it offers a considerable amount of unintentional amusement. . . . If* Selma *isn't one of the biggest all-around saps I have ever met, either in or out of fiction, I'll add another $10,000 to the prize the author received."*

Non-Fiction

The Enchanted Voyage. By Robert Nathan. (Alfred Knopf, $2.) A tender little fantasy in the mood of "One More Spring," concerning a Bronx carpenter, a waitress and an unemployed dentist, and their adventures in a boat on wheels.

Escape from America. By Struthers Burt. (Scribner's, $2.) In which a patriot demands that his compatriots stop apologizing for America and begin rejoicing in its cultural and material heritage.

Fiction

The Ballad of the Hundred Days. By Joseph Roth. (Viking, $2.50.) A tender tale of the laundress who fell in love with an emperor and of a Napoleon who had lost the art of conquest.

The American Flaggs. By Kathleen Norris. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.) The usual Kathleen Norris dish, this time about a girl who found out that "marriages depend on the women who are in them."

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Off-Side

No Stamps—Eskimos in Alaska air-mail their messages without stamps. When a plane's about to take off for towns where they have friends, they hurry to the field and write notes on the ship's tail. When the plane lands, the friends cluster round, reading every word, to see if they have a "letter."

* * *

Egg Augury—A poultry fancier of Texarkana, Texas, tells of three eggs laid by different hens on each of which is a perfect rising sun. He interprets this to mean "Japan will make a military campaign which will dwarf all previous offensives."

* * *

Deflating Puffy—E. W. Maddox of Memphis, Tennessee, has a red hen named Puffy. Each week Puffy swells up like a balloon. Each week Maddox deflates her with a penknife and she becomes normal again. It has been going on for weeks.

* * *

Hot Dish—"There's a woman screaming in a house on West Island Avenue," phoned an excited voice to Minneapolis police. The police investigated. "Her husband's deaf," they reported. "She was just telling him supper was ready."

* * *

High Fliers—Grasshoppers fleeing the drought areas are flying high in Chicago. Diners in rooftop restaurants are finding them in their soup. One man taking a bath on the thirty-seventh floor had one hop in with him.

* * *

$10 Sneeze—In defense of his speeding, Sam Strawitz of Milwaukee told the Judge: "I have hay-fever, Judge, and every time I sneezed my foot would go down on the accelerator. I couldn't help myself." The fine was $10.

* * *

Shocking Cows—To cure his cows of leaning on fences, E. R. Eby of Pasco, Washington, connected a low-voltage electric line from his house to the fence-wires. A few shocks improved the cows' manners.

* * *

Once Bitten—Near Burlington, North Carolina, a passer-by showed a four-foot snake to a filling-station owner. The latter teased it and it bit his finger. Ten minutes later the snake was dead.

* * *

"G Ducks"—Nanking, China, called on 2,000 loyal ducks to save it from locusts. The "G ducks" ate at the rate of one pound per day and in three days had eaten themselves out of a job.

* * *

For Taxes, Etc.—A New York man held for alleged theft of an automobile had $1,370.84 in his pockets. He explained the money was "for Mr. Roosevelt, for taxes and things like that."

* * *

Clipped Wings—Several hundred pigeons near Detroit's city air-port have been permanently grounded. They were found guilty of colliding with and damaging planes.

* * *

Sawed Off—A fireman of Hammond, Indiana, tells how he shinnied up a tree to cut off a limb and fell with it. He'd been sitting on the wrong side of the saw.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Miller sightseeing at tropical Havana. Plenty of time ashore both there and at Panama.

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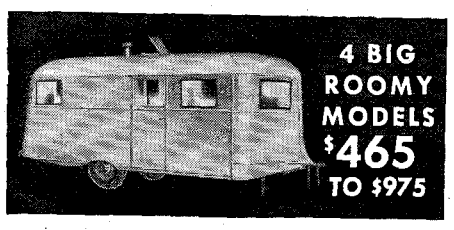

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Religion

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Actors, No Longer Frowned Upon, Are Valued Worshipers

Classed with gipsies and circus performers, denied funeral and other services, actors for years drew frowns from many a pulpit in the United States.

To-day, in an era of fluctuating congregations, they are among the most deeply spiritual and valued worshipers in parishes everywhere.

No. 1 parish to them is none other than Times Square, canyoned acre, whose carnival night tide roars like a torrent through the heart of New York.

Parish headquarters is gray-stoned Union Methodist Episcopal Church, wedged in by remodeled brownstone house fronts, in West Forty-Eighth Street, on the edge of Tin Pan Alley.

"Actors' Church"—Known from Coast to Coast as the "Actors' Church," the Union M. E. is practically the creation of a muscular ruddy-faced Dixie dominie, the Rev. C. Everett Wagner.

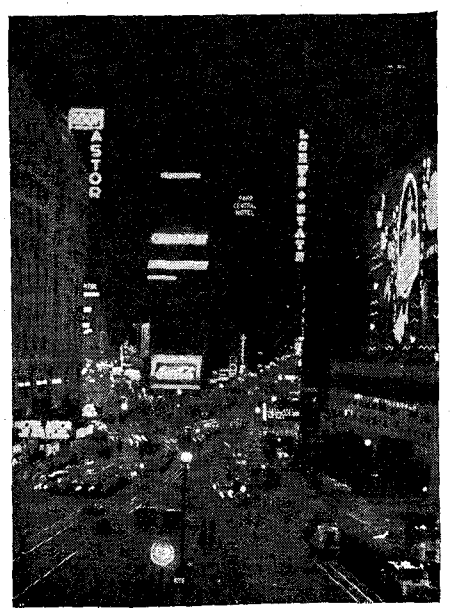
Taking over the parish nine years ago, the Rev. Mr. Wagner has made the church a daily haven of 2,000 actors; has almost created a small-scale "New Deal" in an Actors' Kitchen and Lounge, Cooperative Wallace Lodge, Actors' Clothing Bureau, Unemployed Men's Club, Ninety-Nine Steps Club, Union Girls' Club, as well as a rehearsal quarters for many companies.

In all, 5,000 men and 3,000 women have been succored in some way.

Last year, 156,000 meals were served, 49,000 nights of lodging given on a budget of $49,000.

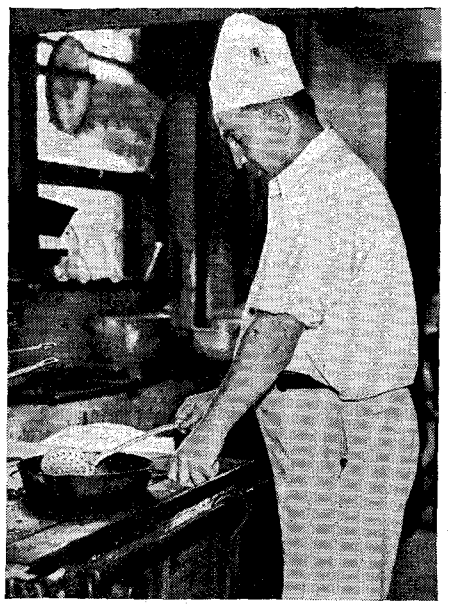
Last week, the Rev. Mr. Wagner announced he would seek empty city buildings for a new cooperative experiment. Aim: to help any white collar men past forty-five—too old for jobs in industry and too young for State pensions—to become self-supporting by making and selling their own goods.

For such work in this shifting parish, fringed by a glittering tenderloin which is the foremost "hot spot" of the nation, the Methodist ministry could have picked no better man.



Wide World

The Great White Way . . . behind these glittering city lights is a devout parish



Wide World

The Rev. C. Everett Wagner . . . wins the heart of Broadway through its stomach

Slashing Racket—Son of a St. Marys, West Virginia, house-builder, Union M. E.'s pastor sold books, worked on a bridge in Ohio to attend Marietta College (Marietta, Ohio), Davis and Elkins, West Virginia University, Harvard and Boston University's Divinity School. An expert athlete, he played football, basketball and tennis, in which he still wields a hard and slashing racket.

After graduation in 1921 and a prepastoral course in Boston's tough mission purlieus, the husky young minister landed his first pulpit in Hell's Kitchen. In this hard-bitten New York West Side sector, he kept plug-uglies in line, made his West Side M. E. Church famed for uplift experiments.

Going around to Union M. E. in 1927, Mr. Wagner announced that a church's purpose was to serve the social and physical in addition to the religious needs of the parish. No recipient, he held, should be forced to accept one service at the price of another. Result was that no hungry man was asked to attend a prayer-meeting to get a meal.

Exactly ninety-nine steps off Broadway, flanked by gaudy signs, theaters and dance halls, Union M. E. had a bare 200 parishioners, no welfare services at all. Forthwith, the pastor cut the auditorium in half, turned one part into a rehearsal hall where Main Stem actors might go into their songs and dances for nothing if they were broke. The "Green Pastures" company rehearsed there; a WPA and two musical comedy troupes are there now.

Down a hallway was opened a lunch-counter where needy actors could get sandwiches, coffee, soft drinks and candy for as little as a nickel; set up near-by, a breadline where food went for nothing.

Founding the Ninety-Nine Steps Club, Mr. Wagner drew 2,600 actors and others to the church. Activities are purely social. Members are 84 per cent. Protestant and 16 per cent. Catholic, of whom 16 per cent.

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are European born, 89 per cent. out-of-towners.

Upstairs is the Unemployed Men's Club, where, in return for three meals daily, toilet accessories and clothing, lodging and $3 weekly members keep the church in repair, do chores. Jack Dempsey gives them day-old pastry, and the "Automat" day-old bread.

The Union Girls' Club holds forth next door. Thirty members, mostly actresses, rent rooms for $3.50 and $4 weekly; others wait on table for their lodgings.

Least-known work is the Cooperative Lodge administered by the Wallace Lodge committee of the New Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Yonkers, New York. Young men and women are boarded in an old-fashioned manor in return for minor chores.

Kitchen Rendezvous—Best-known work is the Actors' Kitchen and Lounge, instituted in 1928 in the basement as a rendezvous for actors. Price of a meal: thirty-five cents, with second helpings free.

From seventy-five to 100 persons are fed daily. Famous visitors: Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Katharine Cornell, Walter Hampden, Dorothy Gish.

Of the approximately 39,000 actors and actresses in the country, 10,000 constantly haunt the New York casting offices. Of this number, about 3,000 are employed, even in the best season.

To the Union M. E. Church many of these jobless eventually find their way. The average actor who does is twenty-three, comes from Ohio; has high-school education, a short time in small-time stock; is hopelessly inexperienced. Grub-stake: $100.

Average girl: twenty, hails from Tennessee; is blonde and pert, high-school educated. With only home-town stage training she feels she can make good in the Big Town if only given a chance. Grub-stake: $100.

Always poor, always staking all on slim hopes, actors have leaned on outside help for generations.

Famous First—Most famous to help them first was the Church of the Transfiguration, in Twenty-ninth Street, New York. Unable to find a church to bury Joseph Holland, English actor friend, the great Joseph Jefferson in 1871 heard that this Episcopalian one would, promptly made it historical by dubbing it "The Little Church Around the Corner." Set in a green oasis up from Madison Square, it runs the Episcopal Guild, helping 2,000 actors.

Greatest event in actors' welfare history was the founding in 1882 of the Actors' Fund.

Organized by 248 producers and actors, sole survivor to-day is Daniel Frohman, who a fortnight ago marked his eighty-fifth birthday. Annually, it dispenses $180,000 to needy theatrical folk.

Almost as important as Union M. E. in point of attendance is near-by St. Malachy's, premier Catholic Church for actors. Chief social agency is, however, the Catholic Actors' Guild. It meets in the Hotel Astor, stagy landmark of Mazda Lane. Daily it serves tea and sandwiches to a host of visitors.

The Jewish Actors' Guild, also prominent in the Rialto region, has its headquarters farther up the street, on what is known as "The Beach," in the Bond Building, helps many a needy actor of the faith.

Leading form of activity of the Christian Science Church is maintenance of reading matter in every theater. Also listed are

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Not what debt is, but what it does, is the main theme of this book which is a veritable natural history of debt, written for the man in the street. It answers authoritatively the puzzling and vital debt questions of our day. $2.50; by mail, $2.64. Published September 10.

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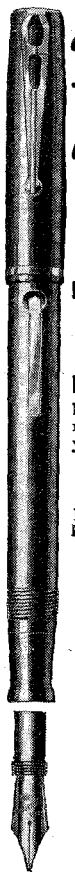

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names of near-by churches. Jane Cowl and Conrad Nagel are notable readers.

Outside of Broadway, most important theatrical spot in the United States is Hollywood. There, two churches already have become famous for stage and screen people: the Wee Kirk o' the Heather and B'nai B'rith Temple.

Located in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, in adjacent Glendale, Wee Kirk was built in 1929 after a little church in Glencairn, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, where Annie Laurie worshiped.

B'nai B'rith, on Wilshire Boulevard, built in 1928, counts among members Carl Laemmle, Louis Mayer, the Warner brothers, Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer, Al Jolson, attracts reformed Jewry.

Charities—Charitable activities are largely concentrated in the Motion Picture Relief Fund, of which Marion Davies is President. Recently, too, the Actors Fund extended its work to the screen capital.

To-day, show people go back and forth between Hollywood and New York, attend church on the road, and Mr. Wagner insists they are far from the pagans of former popular imagination.

"However, the character of the actor has changed greatly since the depression," he said last week. "There is a definite sense of deeper feeling for true artistic achievement, and not so much of the play-boy attitude among the younger theater crowd. These boys and girls of to-day are willing to work and work hard for a chance in their profession.

"It is the job of this church to minister to the spiritual needs of these young men and women and their older brothers and sisters, but since the depression there is just as much need for physical aid.

"Many of the younger generation are religious-minded, but not church-minded. Christianity to us is essentially an attitude toward life instead of dogma, doctrine and creed."

GODLESS CONVERTS:

Atheism Association Labors for Disbelievers in Fall Programs

Fear of social ostracism and business reprisal deters many an American atheist from voicing his disbelief in God.

Fiery Charles Smith, forty-eight, gray-haired, black-suited ex-divinity student, is one whose chief aim in life is broadcasting his disavowal of a Supreme Being.

America's premier atheist, he shook off the beliefs of ordinary men at twenty-two, and in 1925 organized the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, which now claims 1,500 members.

Last week this militant organization swung into action its fall program, aimed as always at winning new converts away from churches.

All summer long its speakers have climbed soap-boxes on busy New York City street corners and harangued passers-by to give up their religion.

Under Roofs—Now its campaign moves indoors, with lectures and debates each Sunday night at eight o'clock in Manhattan's Pythian Temple. Admission is twenty-five and thirty-five cents.

The Atheist Association sees success on every hand, as flames of communism, fascism and skepticism turn many from God. There are now nearly 150,000,000 of the world's two billion people who publicly admit they believe in no divine power, Mr. Smith estimates.

In the United States he sets the figures at one million. But in addition he asserts half the nation actually practises no religion.

In his organization, a boom-time budget of some $10,000 has been sliced almost in half since 1929. Most of this money, donated by members, goes to pay for literature with which to spread the doctrine of godlessness.

Headquarters for the distribution of this material, and of the movement itself, is Mr. Smith's tiny atheist book-shop, probably the only one of its kind, on Manhattan's proletarian Fourteenth Street.

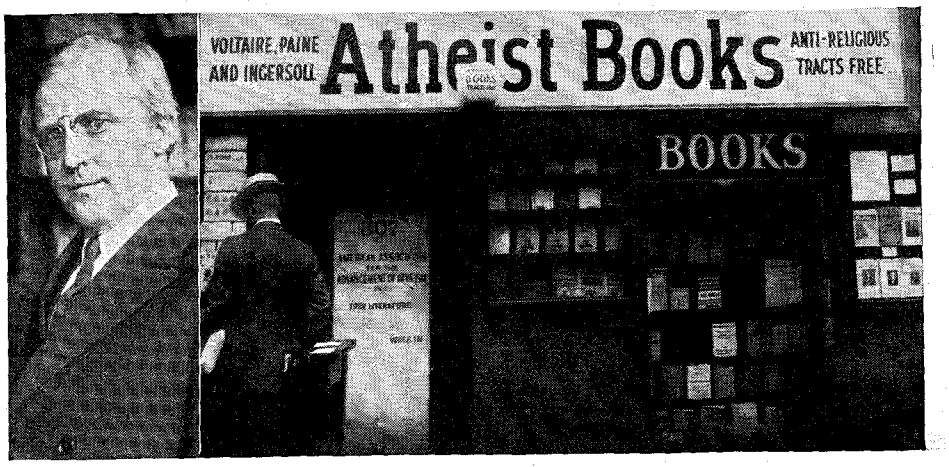
More than half the member atheists live in New York; the others are scattered over the entire nation. No regular meetings are held outside New York.

Hear, Hear—Few of the meetings, attended by from 220 to 600 persons, go by without a heckler halting the speaker as he plunges along on such a topic as "The Holy Ghost Joke" or "The Menace of the Church."

The only positive views of the atheists are, they insist, those of Thomas Paine: reason and liberty. While Paine was not, strictly speaking, an atheist, but a deist (believer in a God based on reason, rather than revelation) he is nevertheless atheism's guiding spirit.

The typical atheism member is a man of fifty, a Northerner, and of the white race, according to statistics compiled by New York University. Eighty-two per cent. of his parents were once affiliated with some church, with Jews and Methodists contributing the largest proportional percentages.

Education among atheists is much higher than the average, 39 per cent. having had at least four years of college or professional



Keystone

Charles Smith, America's premier atheist, and his book-shop headquarters

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training. Before the age of fifteen, about 90 per cent. attended Sunday school or church, but 54 per cent. had dropped out by the time they were twenty.

Thomas Paine ranks first as an influence in creating the non-believers, the New York University survey found, with Robert Ingersoll second, and the Bible third.

Founder Smith's Southwestern drawl reveals his birthplace, Arkansas. The year was 1890. He grew up in Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). His family were Methodist, and when he finished public school they sent him to a Methodist college, Epworth University, in Oklahoma City, where he took Bible courses.

Discovery—One day in 1912, while pursuing his studies in the college library, he came across a book called "Jefferson's Bible."

The great statesman-scholar, who believed in a religion of tolerance, freedom and reason, had eliminated nearly all but the words of Christ from the book. Smith says he realized that the man who to him was a hero, having tampered with the Bible, was an "infidel."

He began investigating. His disbelief had been started. In just six months, at the age of twenty-two, he became a full-fledged atheist.

Continuing his education, he went to the University of Oklahoma, and then to Harvard (named for a minister, John Harvard).

After service as a soldier in the World War, he found himself without a job, and began selling "The Truth Seeker" on the unfriendly sidewalks of New York. He made little money, but he did win converts to atheism. In 1925 there were enough to form the association.

The law that has caused the ace atheist most trouble is that against blasphemy, which nearly half the States still have on the books. It is not generally enforced, which Mr. Smith says is fortunate, since, if it were, "nearly everybody would be in jail."

Haled to Court—It was charged against him when he revisited his native State of Arkansas in 1930 to plead against anti-evolution teaching laws.

He was seized and thrown into prison. Charge: "speaking disrespectfully against Jesus Christ." After being tried in several courts over a period of six years, the case was finally dropped.

Nearly all of the atheists' claims that more and more people are professing disbelief in God are denied by the nation's clergy, led by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Pastor of Riverside Church, New York, who says: "It is hard to believe in God, but it is far harder to disbelieve in him."

From Kansas City, the Rev. H. Parr Armstrong, of the Central Christian Church, reports:

"Traditional atheism is not increasing in my community." Marion E. Bollen, Pastor of the University Baptist Church, Seattle, Washington, joins in: "Our community is suffering from a general moral and spiritual sag, but there is no general turning to atheism."

Specific data that atheism is not on the increase in San Francisco is cited by the Rev. William Masten Bours, of that city, as: "Numerous weekly notices of Sunday meetings in the press; number of Christian burial services I am called upon to hold; and canvass of our public hospital in which the great majority of patients were found to pray."

But Mr. Smith stands by his guns—and his figures.

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Parade

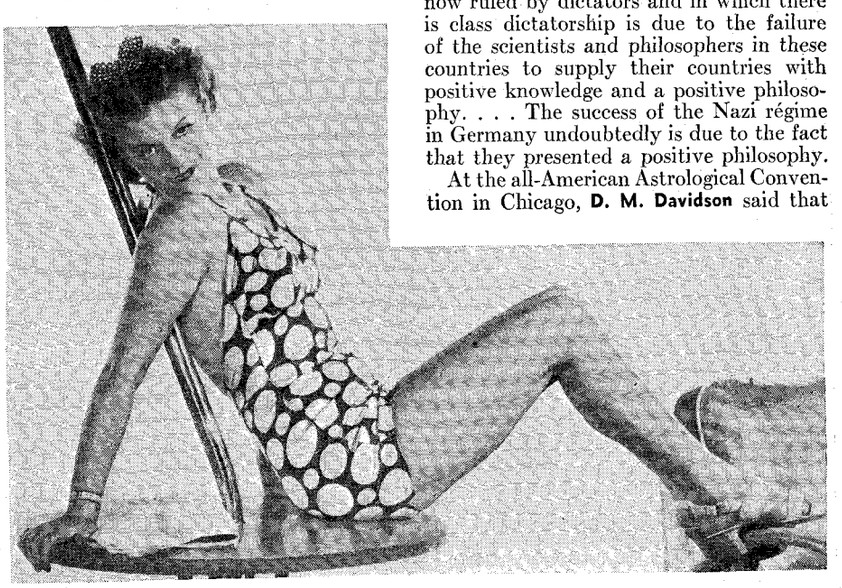
Telegraph operators were slightly puzzled as film officials launched a phonetic campaign to assure the right pronunciation of **Simone Simon,** latest French star to rocket in Hollywood. The tricky wire from Hollywood read: "NOTE FOLLOWING CORRECT PHONETIC SPELLING SIMONE SIMON STOP QUOTE SEE DASH MOAN SEE DASH MOAN UNQUOTE ACCENT ON LAST SYLLABLE INSTEAD OF QUOTE SEE DASH MONE SEE DASH MONE UNQUOTE STOP IF THIS SOUNDS LIKE GIBBERISH IT CANT BE HELPED."

* * *

Because he is such an excellent story-teller, **J. Harve Raiser,** seventy-year-old Kentucky hill farmer, received Check No. 1 in the Kentucky old-age pension program. A composer of campaign songs, Raiser won $316 four years ago for his song "Hard Time Hoover." The story which won him the latest check was one he told Gov. A. B. ("Happy") Chandler last year. It concerned a battle in the War Between the States. When fighting was most furious, a cottontail rabbit sped down the lines. Seeing it, a big Southern soldier yelled, "Run, darn you, run. I'd do the same if it wasn't for my reputation."

"I'm through. I've retired. I couldn't do the things I used to," stated **William S. Hart,** sixty-four-year-old two-gun hero of the silent screen. "I'm too contented losing money on my Horseshoe Ranch. . . . I lose $25,000 a year on it. I've got the money to lose, so it works out fine."

The Statue of Liberty on Bedloes Island in New York Harbor will be fifty years old on October 28. More than 100 organizations will join in the celebration, and President Roosevelt is expected to attend. In a pageant, 1,500 school-children will form a huge American flag. The story of the East Side immigrant will also be presented, from the time of his arrival at Ellis Island to his graduation into American citizenship. Miss Liberty, largest statue in the world, was given to America by the French in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence. **Frederic A. Bartholdi,** French sculptor, completed the statue after eight years' work, and the figure cost about $250,000, raised by popular subscription in France.



Twentieth Century-Fox Photo

Simone Simon: a French pronunciation for a French star in America

Brig. Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt passed his sixty-first birthday at his villa, *Beaulieu,* in Newport, Rhode Island, where a large dinner was given in his honor. The General is reigning head of the Vanderbilt family and a social leader.

* * *

Carrying a 1,000-gallon fuel load and 41,000 ping-pong balls for wing-flotation purposes, **Harry Richman's** plane, *Lady Peace,* with Richard Merrill piloting, crossed the Atlantic. The trip was said to have cost the actor-singer more than $150,000 to satisfy his ambition to fly the ocean.

Birthday celebrations interrupted the Presidential campaign of **Gov. Alfred M. Landon** of Kansas. At Estes Park, Colorado, Mrs. Landon received gifts and congratulations from all over the country on her thirty-eighth birthday. Ten days later, Governor Landon passed his forty-ninth birthday.

Refreshed by a long holiday in Switzerland, **Queen Wilhelmina** of The Netherlands returned to The Hague to observe her fifty-sixth birthday. The simple recognition throughout the Capital was the unfurling of flags.

* * *

At the Denham Film Studios in England, **Ignace Paderewski,** pianist composer and former President of Poland, is making his first film, "The Moonlight Sonata." A recent visitor was **Winston Churchill.** Said Paderewski: "The last time I met you, Mr. Churchill, you were at the War Office." To which Churchill replied: "And the last time I met you, you were a President."

Meanwhile, in Washington, the Treasury Department held that whereas Paderewski's donation of a statue of President Woodrow Wilson to Poland was "an estimable gesture," the cost could not be deducted from his income tax. In 1931 the pianist spent $61,000 for the statue which he deducted from his income tax. Gutzon Borglum, sculptor, produced the figure, which was presented to the City of Posen.

"There is too much idealism at the present time," declared **Prof. Etienne Gilson** at a conference of the Harvard University tercentenary celebration. "Too many theories are being worked out in rooms of scientists and professors who are without contact with the world. This isolation deprives them of a large share of their opportunity for usefulness. . . . Loss of freedom and social liberty in the countries which are now ruled by dictators and in which there is class dictatorship is due to the failure of the scientists and philosophers in these countries to supply their countries with positive knowledge and a positive philosophy. . . . The success of the Nazi régime in Germany undoubtedly is due to the fact that they presented a positive philosophy.

At the all-American Astrological Convention in Chicago, **D. M. Davidson** said that

Wide World

College boy sport . . . no coolie drudgery in this

the 500 star-gazers in session foresaw good times and no drought for 1937. Other predictions from the astral bodies included a good year for the average citizen, a boom in real estate and no general European war.

A number of college boys drew comely maids in a rickshaw relay race from New York to Asbury Park, New Jersey. The time of the winning combination was fourteen and a half hours. The race was condemned by **Mayor LaGuardia** of New York as "actually characteristic of slavery."

* * *

According to **Marius Moutet,** French Socialist Minister of Colonies, the notorious penal settlement in French Guiana, including Devils Island, will be abolished before 1937. Established in 1852, it often has figured in fiction and fact. It was there that Alfred Dreyfus was imprisoned.

Commenting on the peculiar behavior of flowers when inspected through microphotographs, **Botanist O. M. Freeman** of the U. S. Department of Agriculture stated they behaved like human beings. "It has been proved that plants react to the point of getting pepped up over certain stimulants. I have even heard of them getting that way over aspirin." Among the common characteristics he noted in the modern flowers were work, sleep, taste for hamburgers, dancing, intoxication and ability to find a drinking water. The pitcher plant, living on insects, has a definite taste for hamburgers, he stated, while others "dance exquisitely" with the motions of an accomplished fan-dancer.

* * *

"Love has become more refined in popular music," declared **E. C. Mills** of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. "They've stopped writing about things like hot lips." In 1934 the American public preferred singing about love; in 1935 the preference was for dreams. His analysis was based on 33,451 broadcast programs in 1935 with "When I Grow Too Old to Dream" as the most popular number, rendered 29,161 times.

"I've outgrown my night-club era," commented **Katharine Brush,** writer. "I've settled down. I like my short stories better than my novels. Besides, I think America's great literary promise at the time lies in the field of the short story."

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Sport and Sportsmen

GLORY RACE ON GARDEN CITY LINKS

Golfing Test With "Greatest Amateur Since Bobby Jones"

In sport, as in politics, an abdicated throne is a luring come-on for swarms of pretenders, some with legitimate claims, others with mere delusions of grandeur.

Last year, and the year before, the king of the amateur golf world was William Lawson Little, Jr., a beaming young Californian with a football guard's build whose punching drives down the fairway won him the nickname of "the San Francisco Siege-Gun," and helped him sweep American and British championships both times.

But last spring Little turned professional, forfeiting his right to captain this year's Walker Cup team, and throwing open next Monday's fortieth United States National Amateur Championship to the largest field in its history.

With the "greatest amateur since Bobby Jones" out of the way, 210 of the foremost wood and iron club fanciers of Britain and America, eight of them former champions, will tee off at the strictly masculine Garden City Golf Club on Long Island.

Expert Predictions—Which one of the survivors of an original entry list of 1,120, of whom all but twenty-four exempted ex-champions and British visitors qualified last month on thirty-two courses from Georgia to Oregon, will finger the silver trophy the following Saturday afternoon was a question that furrowed reportorial brows.

Without going too far out on a limb, many experts were whispering the name of Johnny Goodman, a twenty-seven-year-old Omaha insurance salesman whose golfing career reads like a tabloid success story.

When his English-born parents failed to find Nebraska farming a gold-plated proposition, Johnny toted golf-bags around Omaha's courses to help keep the Goodman family of ten in coffee and cakes. Between totes he picked up a more than fair game himself, and occasionally hopped freight-trains to play in tournaments.

At twenty, the blond kid crashed the sports pages and acquired the warm disfavor of the United States Golf Association by practically demolishing the box-office appeal of the 1929 National Amateur at Pebble Beach, California.

In the very first round he committed the unpardonable offense of beating the greatest of them all, the supposedly unbeatable Bobby Jones. In Johnny's business, selling, an ancient superstition holds that a man who makes a sale on his first call won't close another deal the rest of the day.

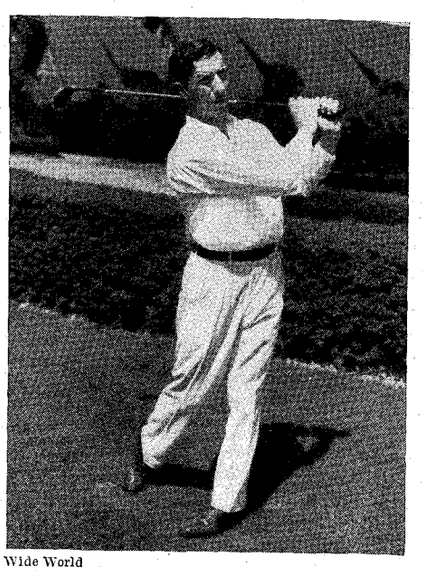
Soon after beating Jones, Goodman was himself knocked out of the tournament. He never has won it. In 1932 he was runner-up, and last year he went to the semi-finals before Little smashed his hopes, four and three. But this year some of the boys are saying the smiling, handsome ex-caddie who will hop no freight trains to get to Garden City is overdue.

Of the ex-champions in this year's tournament, almost as many experts made furtive predictions about C. Ross Somerville, an unloquacious Canadian who represented the Goodman jinx in 1932.

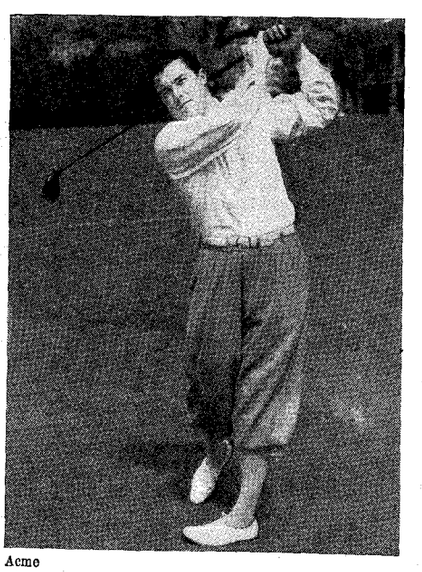
Five times Canadian amateur champion, Somerville at thirty-three still has the stamina that made him one of Canada's greatest all-around athletes. At the University of Toronto he was captain and center of the hockey-team which won the Allan Cup. He was on the championship Canadian football-team, and, in 1927, captained the Dominion cricketers, who beat England.

Tired of denying he was the celebrated "lost baby," Charlie Ross Somerville long ago stopped writing out his first name, Charles. He prefers "Sandy." Like Goodman, he is the son of British-born parents and is in the insurance business.

Generally, the golfing prophets were agreeable to labeling any one of a dozen or more golfers the logical successor to the title. Walker Cup players like Walter Emery, a twenty-four-year-old Oklahoma

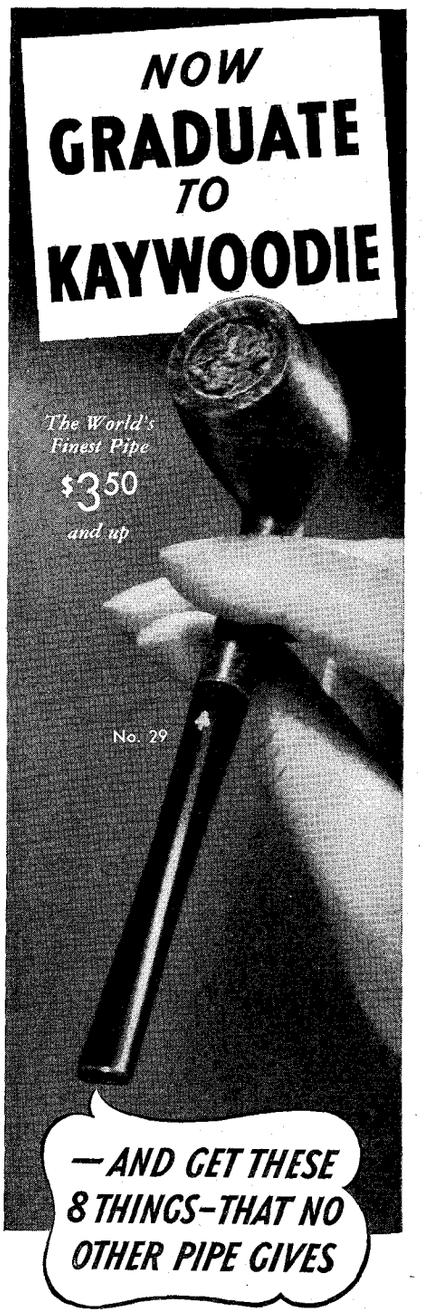


Wide World



Acme

"Sandy" Somerville, Canadian, will have nothing to fear from Lawson Little's long, screaming drives in the Fortieth Amateur Golf Championship, for Little has turned pro, can not compete



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University student who learned his golf in the Dutch East Indies. They look to Scotty Campbell, a twenty-three-year-old Seattle player, who in 1934 retained his Canadian championship against Somerville.

For "success-story" material, some of the dope experts were looking up yarns about Ray Billows, a twenty-two-year-old Poughkeepsie salesman who bounced down the highway to New York's Winged Foot Club in a $7.50 flivver, won the 1935 State championship, and bounced back home again with a brand-new name: "the Cinderella kid."

In the absence of any dominant player of the stature of Jones or Little, they even were ready to concede Great Britain, whose Walker Cup team lost to the United States last week, a chance to win the American Amateur for the first time in twenty-five years.

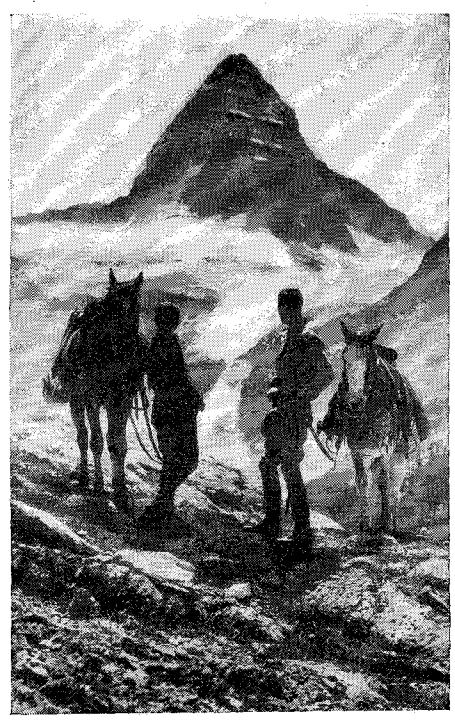
If a British player does, chances are it will be Hector Thomson, a slim, shy youngster of twenty-two. Born in Machrihanish in the Western Isles of Scotland, Thomson took the British Amateur this year in Little's absence, and is rated Britain's best bet for the American championship since Harold Hilton won it in 1911. In deference to their new champion, British journalists make no mention of the slight stutter which seems to cause the Walker Cupper considerable embarrassment.

HORSE BOOM: Back-Country Trails Open New Vistas for Riders of Motorless Roads

"The horse ain't coming back," drawled the late William Penn Rogers, famed humorist-philosopher, a few years ago. "He is back."

Whether the sport of riding actually is galloping back after its short-lived skirmish with automobiles catapulting over concrete highways, or whether the current boom in currycombs and halters is just another minor herald of the return of predepression spending conditions, is debatable.

But chances are the Claremore clairvoyant knew what he was talking about.



Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

Stirrup- and saddle-minded America finds old trails opening anew

Horsemen long ago gave up trying to get a little room on the macadam. Instead, they are combating the problem with a different technique: by rediscovering roads where there aren't any automobiles.

Plenty of Trails—Quietly working on an amazing trunk-system of bridle-trails through motorless country, they have already boosted interest in riding tremendously. In New England alone they have opened up, during the past ten years, more than 2,000 miles of trails.

Most of the way, the paths follow unused country roads and abandoned logging trails, principally along high ridges. There are plenty of them, the pioneers report. All they have to do is find them, and then link them together somehow.

Carving a practical trunk-line out of the remnants of a forgotten horse-and-buggy era is slow work. It means exploring hundreds of overgrown dirt roads and rejecting three-quarters of them, putting up slews of markers, dealing with, often cajoling farmers and innkeepers along the way, and providing a supply of ridable horses.

True, expenses are relatively small and returns non-existent, for the keenly enthusiastic band of horsemen blazing new trails east and west are mainly interested in the movement as an effective means of increasing American interest in riding.

Long Trail—Typical of the sportsmen-philanthropists developing bridle-trails through the East is Henry N. Woolman, a Philadelphia business man who has spent a large part of his sixty-odd years in hunting and riding. Two years ago Mr. Woolman mused over the idea of a long trail emanating from Philadelphia.

Riding his favorite hunter, Harkaway, a veteran of many a Southern fox-chase and of frequent sorties through the Tennessee mountain trails, Mr. Woolman explored the back country near the city almost every week, cramming his note-book with intricate sketches and notes. Convinced that he could coordinate the vast network of semi-deserted roads and paths into one, he organized the Horseshoe Trail Club. Response from horse-conscious Philadelphians was almost immediate.

Starting at Valley Forge, the Horseshoe Trail winds west for more than 120 miles through countryside teeming with historical tradition. At Manada Gap, fifteen miles from Harrisburg, it joins the celebrated Appalachian Trail.

Novice horsemen taking the junket are likely to be principally impressed with sweeping views of Pennsylvania country and with the inevitable aches and pains instilled by bouncing on an unyielding saddle.

One Crossing—But to experienced riders, the Trail is remarkable. Only once does it cross a heavily-trafficked highway, altho it has been routed through thickly-populated Eastern Pennsylvania. Never, during the trip, is it necessary to take down a fence.

During the day, riders follow markers as carefully placed as any subway arrows. Yellow horseshoes nailed to trees point the direction, yellow paint spots and blazes indicate turns and intersections. At night, horsemen stay at farmhouses or inns, or camp out in lean-tos or cabins. Expenses are kept at rock-bottom in an effort to avoid even a semblance of commercialism.

Travel promoters have used trail-riding to advantage in luring customers to their commercialized bailiwicks. Overnight rides have for years been a regular feature of Western "dude ranches" in this country.

In Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway has developed an elaborate system of

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Slips

Meticulous field workers plant only most promising slips in rich DOLE pineapple plantation soil on Island of Lanai. Aided by unhurried sun and rain, DOLE pineapples, prized the world over, mature slowly, perfectly.

No slips are allowed between field and cannery. Sun-ripe DOLE pineapples are picked and pressed for juice at the hour of greatest flavor. On the Hawaiian Islands, as well as on the Mainland, the finest pineapple juice comes in cans stamped DOLE. DOLE Pineapple Juice, natural, unsweetened, offers taste-thrill with economy and convenience.

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco.

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that, with a new world in the making, there should be clashes of opinion on every development of importance.

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for intelligent men and women to know *all* sides of these controversies, so they can arrive at sound conclusions and act accordingly. *Only* The Literary Digest renders this comprehensive, unbiased service each week.

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trails, and urges tourists to join the twelve-year-old "Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies."

Started in 1924, the Trail Riders have swelled their membership roster to more than 1,500 Americans and Canadians, proudly list the King and Queen of Siam as honorary life members. Annually fifty or sixty men and women lug flannel shirts, cowboy chaps and spurs, raincoats, sleeping-bags and other equipment to the Rockies for five days of fording mountain rivers and brushing through rough upland trails on sturdy, sure-footed ponies.

Trail Riders are classified according to the number of miles they have ridden. This year, ninety-seven riders displayed buttons announcing that they had traveled more than 2,500 miles through the Rockies.

SPORT SHOTS

Christopher Callaway, veteran professional who maintains he taught King Edward of England how to play golf, last week used a "spare" spoon to make a hole-in-one on the 193-yard fourth hole at the Rochester, New Hampshire, Country Club. Callaway is sixty-nine. It was his fourth hole-in-one.

* * *

When firing died down after the recent thirty-seventh annual Grand American Trapshooting Championships at Vandalia, Ohio, the town's 300 shell-shocked residents discovered that cannonading shotguns had blazed more than thirty tons of lead pellets at approximately 1,000,000 clay targets during the gunners' World Series. Shells alone cost $45,000.

* * *

A Princeton student's sore finger back in 1874 started the development of the curve ball as a deadly and effective baseball-pitching weapon, records at the New Jersey university revealed last week.

The ball player was Joseph MacElroy Mann of the Class of 1876. A star pitcher, he started one important game at short-stop because of the injury, but was called on to pitch when the team got into difficulties in the fifth inning.

The ball, he noticed, broke into a curve when he let it roll off the sore finger. All winter he worked on the theory, finally discovered why spinning a ball made it curve.

The following spring, using the weird curves he developed, Mann pitched the first no-hit, no-run game on record when he beat Yale, 3 to 0.

* * *

Probably because luck plays such an important part, horse-racing is laden with more ancient superstitions than almost any other sport. One of the most wide-spread is the custom of keeping goats as pets for the thoroughbreds and harness horses.

Commenting on the practise, followed so long that it has lost its original meaning, Lewis H. Walter, sports writer of the Detroit *Free Press,* traces the superstition back to the middle ages, when peasants believed the devil sometimes took the form of a goat. Accordingly, they often stabled goats with their horses to act as receptacles for evil spirits.

Prussian cavalry regiments, Walter adds, continued the tradition, in the belief that goats prevented diseases among the horses. Currently, horse trainers find that the pets keep their high-strung racers mentally tranquil, and frequently report cases of thoroughbreds who refused to run when a pet goat was missing from the stables.

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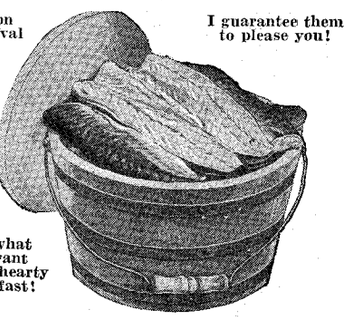

Just what you want for a hearty breakfast!

TASTE THEM AT MY EXPENSE

You'll never know how delicious fish can be until you serve some of my mackerel fillets, prepared the Down East way. It will be the rarest treat you've known in months. Take one of my new, meaty Fall-caught mackerel fillets. Freshen it. Broil it in its own juices to a tempting brown, until the rich, tender meat falls apart at the touch of your fork. Serve piping hot. Your mouth will water at its appetizing aroma. You'll smack your lips over its wonderful flavor.

What Makes My Mackerel Fillets So Good?

But you must get the right kind of mackerel fillets—the pick of the new Fall catch is what you want—to get this real food joy. That's the secret of the tempting goodness of my mackerel fillets. I send you the choicest fillets that are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of the new Fall-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, no waste parts whatever, these mackerel fillets are so tender and full bodied that they just flake into juicy mouthfuls.

Send No Money Now—

unless you wish to

Just send the coupon below or write me a letter, and I'll ship you a pail of 18 extra choice mackerel fillets — each fillet suitable for an individual serving. My fillets come to you all cleaned—no heads—no tails—no large body bones—no waste whatever — just meaty fillets packed in new brine in a wax-lined wooden pail. Taste one—broiled the Down East way. If not satisfied it's the finest mackerel you ever tasted, return the balance at my expense. Otherwise send me only $2 within 10 days. 200,000 families get their seafood from me this "prove-it-yourself" way. I've been doing business this way for 51 years and I must say that this is the lowest price for this size pail of mackerel fillets I've ever offered. Send your coupon today for this real Gloucester treat.

18 Extra Choice Mackerel Fillets Only $2.00

Delivered FREE! Anywhere in the U. S.

Frank E. Davis, The Gloucester Fisherman
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Mr. Frank E. Davis, The Gloucester Fisherman
120 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

My dear Mr. Davis: Please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail containing 18 extra choice mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If after trying a few fillets, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you $2.00 within 10 days.*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Bank or other reference .....

*If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25c beautifully illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful seafood recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

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NEEDED IN U. S.: 6,700,000 NEW HOMES

Building Boom Is Forecast After Crowding of Depression Years

Americans, world's richest in automobiles, radios and telephones, are bursting out of their homes.

To prove it, statisticians have worn down endless pencils, have marshaled their most imposing figures, have flung a whopping challenge to Government and industry:

About one of every four Americans shares cramped city flats, doubles up with in-laws, crowds into slums and rural hovels. Needed: a total of 6,700,000 new or rebuilt homes. To meet this challenge, Government or private industry must build afresh or drastically alter as many houses as there are dwellings in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and all of New England.

To estimate America's need for homes, business economists back-tracked a decade, discovered families had increased by 3,500,000, but new houses by only 3,000,000. Floods, fires and storms during the decade reduced the nation's homes by 700,000. Present net home shortage: 1,200,000. To this figure statisticians add 5,482,000 homes so deteriorated and defective that radical alterations alone could make them habitable. Shortage grand total: 6,700,000 new or rebuilt homes*.

Hopeful Labor—American Federation of Labor economists looked forward a decade to 1945, estimated an accumulated shortage then of 13,196,000 new homes. Required, according to A. F. of L. estimates: 1,320,000 homes yearly.

Building construction ranks second among America's four basic industries†. Normally, it accounts for $10,000,000,000 of the nation's income. For each one of the 2,300,000 workers employed directly in building construction, another man works at supplying his materials, another at supplying his food and clothes. Normally, building affords livelihoods for more than 7,000,000.

Business men therefore know that lasting prosperity is impossible without normal building. In the theoretical shortage of 6,700,000 homes, many of them see the greatest potential market in business history. In the building revival already under way, they see the beginning of a major upswing. Government men agree with them. Last week, Stewart MacDonald, Federal Housing Administrator, predicted a building boom for the near future.

But conservative economists raise a warning hand, caution against overenthusiasm. Not all who need buy, they point out. Many who need can't buy. Builders know that a new home is one of the most postponable of all wants. Almost no one is without some kind of home. Reluctantly, a family occupies a humble flat in the dreariest slum, doubles up with strangers or in-laws, dreams of better quarters.

Recovery Lesson—But unless the home actually is near collapse, it serves in the sense that it provides shelter; unless the dweller's economic status improves and other immediate wants are satisfied, he can not or will not buy a new home or move into one built by others. Early recovery years proved that many an American family prefers to remain doubled up and spend increased income on a new automobile.

Into the potential building market picture enters also the profit factor. For builders, construction of homes for families having incomes under $1,500 in the North and under $1,200 in the South, is unprofitable. Yet a Department of Commerce estimate in 1933 disclosed that two-thirds of American families had incomes below these figures.

Even if incomes rise to 1929 levels, economists conservatively estimate one-third of all American families still will be out of the running as customers for homes. Private industry, then, can provide only 880,000 of the 1,320,000 new homes needed each year. (In the $16.40 to $27.85-a-month Techwood Homes, opened last week in Atlanta, Georgia, and in other slum-clearing projects, *Uncle Sam* indicates he may subsidize the 440,000 families who otherwise might be doomed to slums.)

For hard-bitten builders, therefore, demand for houses boils down to the need for homes by people who are willing and able to pay for them. To measure this demand, they watch the rent index. Since 1933 workers' incomes have increased; families are "undoubling"; couples who postponed marriage during the depression are creating homes. Result: higher rents. In June this year, rents topped those of 1933 by 22 per cent.

Since last year, rentals for single houses moved forward 17 per cent.; apartment rentals rose only 8 per cent. Builders concluded that a true commercial demand exists for single-family homes.

Similarly, they concluded that the supply of apartment houses from boom days is adequate, seemingly, to care for current demand.

Federal Housing Administration commitments to insure the mortgages on prospective homes provided a reassuring barometer.

For the first six months of 1936, they totaled $61,878,642, against $15,938,968 in the similar 1935 period.

Old-timers therefore wonder whether continued marked improvement in business may not further increase demand for homes and apartments and drive the demand beyond the supply of acceptable quarters. Veteran real estate men and builders brighten at the thought. Vividly they remember the housing shortage of 1920. In classified newspaper advertisements in the spring of that year, desperate home hunters offered $25 cash bonuses for information that would lead to the leasing of a house.

Predictions — Prognosticators of a large-scale building revival tie their hopes to four developments:

1. Workers' incomes have increased.
2. The Home Owners' Loan Corporation has saved more than 1,000,000 mortgaged homes from foreclosure, has replaced $3,000,000,000 of distressed mortgages with Government bonds, has released frozen credit for reinvestment in new building.
3. Mortgage money interest rates have dropped 1 per cent. since last year. FHA and private mortgage financing reforms have made home building cheaper (see mortgage chart), have facilitated borrowing.
4. Despite advancing materials prices, buildings costs still hang 22 per cent. below the 1929 level.

Forecast of Activity—To many economists these factors, plus the demonstrated increased demand, spell an eruption of building all over America. Since the almost complete cessation of building in 1933 threw approximately 5,000,000 workers out of jobs, both business and Government pray that the economists are right. With crossed fingers, observers saw 1936 building

*W. C. Bober, Johns-Manville Corporation statistician.

†The others: farming, mining, manufacturing.

Architect, James Bevan

Architect, Charles Rasque

Real-estate men, building contractors and laborers smack their lips over the prospect of new homes to be built in 1937, but not all will be like these in the under-$8,000 class, but out of the reach of many families

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construction move speedily forward in January as if it were headed for big things.

Four hundred thousand carpenters, roofers, plasterers marched back to work as the year's first month doubled the January, 1935, construction. Later, building construction lost its momentum, but at the end of July it outstripped last year's construction by 76 per cent. Demand for cement, wood, brick and other building materials was 30 per cent. greater than last year.

Especially in Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Washington, D. C., builders have lost their frowns, have begun to smile. At the end of the first four months of this year, Cincinnati had built $20.95 worth of new homes per capita of population; Milwaukee had built $17.01; Washington $13.02.

For the year, economists figure, building construction throughout the country will outstrip 1935 by more than $2,000,000,000, roughly 30 per cent. Yet while building marches forward in an orderly revival, construction has not reached the proportions of a boom, nor even that of a boomlet. Total residential building still lags 69 per cent. behind prosperity levels.

Easier Payments—To thaw demand for homes, the building industry presents in pamphlets and advertisements an enticing picture to prospective owners: homes and materials are better and cheaper, paying is easier.

From "The Book of Small Houses," published by the editors of *Architectural Forum*, builders received unexpected support. By listing forty-six new, small houses costing $5,000 or less, the volume spreads the gospel of home ownership for families possessing only moderate income. Emphatically, the book sets forth with picture and type that the modern small house is "better to live in, better to look at, better built."

Thanks to the $5,000 house, the home renter who earns about $2,000 yearly can become a home owner. For his money he can choose a home averaging six rooms, constructed of modern materials, varying in design from Colonial Cape Cod to a studio-type structure with terrace, or a cottage of cinder concrete blocks. He pays $1,000 down, obtains a twenty-year $4,000 mortgage from the Federal Housing Administration on which he pays 5 per cent. interest. From his monthly $166 salary, he pays $38.56 for interest, principal reduction, taxes, fire insurance.

If the home builder east of the Rockies tells his architect he wishes to spend an "average amount" for a house, he will be advised that the average house at the end of May cost $6,737. Because this sum constituted a drop of $500 from average costs on January 1, materials men optimistically announced that new homes now were within reach of one million additional persons. Furthermore, they said, the current $5,000 house cost, in 1929, $5,775.

Varying Costs—But the home-builder found early this year that altho average costs had toppled, he might be penalized because of his location. For identically the same six-room house, home builders pay $1,612 more in Chicago than in Philadelphia. In Chicago, the home costs $6,537; Philadelphia, $4,925; Washington, $4,961; Los Angeles, $5,182. Freight, labor rates and regulations account for the difference.

To prospective customers, building-material concerns have driven home these fundamentals: hire an architect, spend only two to three times your annual income on a home, pay at least 20 per cent down.

By comparing present homes with past, they seek to make owners materials-conscious. The prospective builder learns he can fireproof his roof by using asbestos, slate or tile shingles; with asbestos-siding shingle he can fireproof his exterior walls. By insulating his home, he shuts out the sun in summer, keeps warmth in during winter, cuts fuel bills one-third.

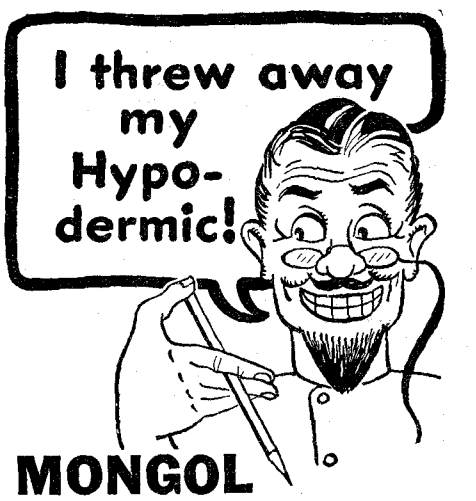
Altho initial costs of modern materials exceed costs of traditional supplies, home owners are learning to ask for them. A materials company studied 103 new homes in New Jersey, discovered that about three-fourths had roof, wall and ceiling insulation.

Spurring demand for homes also is the transition in suburban development technique. Instead of "row" houses, developers increasingly attempt large-scale moderate home construction, designed architecturally to complement landscape or countryside. In suburban Los Angeles, Detroit and New York City, builders have found such developments sell homes.

New Examples—Typical of the moderate-priced project is the Levitt and Sons development at Manhasset, New York, seventeen commuting miles from New York City. Homes, set in rolling hills of maple and birch, range from $8,990 to $22,000, come equipped with rhododendrons, mallows and hollyhocks.

Hundreds of families, incomes ranging

The Old-Fashioned Fixed Mortgage Plan	The FHA Amortized Mortgage Plan	The Banking Amortized Mortgage Plan
1—You borrow $5,000.	1—You borrow $5,000.	1—You borrow $5,000.
2—You pay no initial placing charge.	2—You pay no initial placing charge.	2—You pay an initial placing charge of about $125.
3—You pay $275 for interest each year at 5½ per cent plus taxes and insurance.	3—You pay $36.78 each month covering interest, mortgage insurance, service charge and reduction of principal, plus taxes and insurance.	3—You pay an average interest rate of 5½%, or $34.40 each month, covering principal and interest only. No service or insurance charge.
4—Interest payments do not reduce either the principal or the interest.	4—Each monthly payment reduces both the principal and the interest.	4—Each monthly payment reduces both the principal and the interest.
5—In twenty years you have paid $5,500 in interest.	5—In twenty years you have paid only $3,827.20 in interest, mortgage insurance and service charges. (Interest only $2,917.60.)	5—At the end of twenty years you have paid $8,381, of which $3,381 has been interest and placing charge.
6—After twenty years you still owe $5,000.	6—After twenty years you owe nothing.	6—After twenty years you owe nothing.



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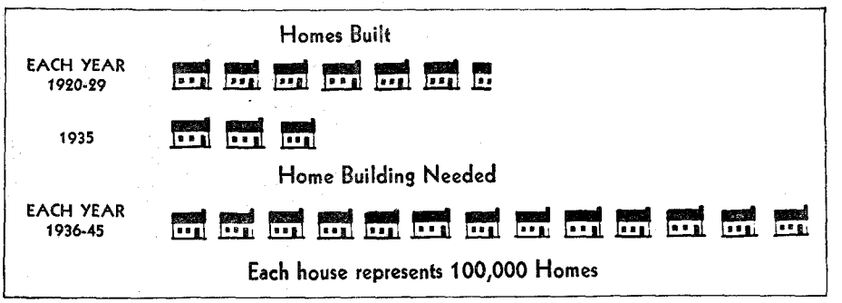

Courtesy American Federation of Labor

from $4,000 to $5,000, motor to the development on Sundays, troop through the model houses. For $10,000, the buyer gets a seven-room Colonial, Tudor or Georgian house on a plot 60 by 100 feet. Inquiring housewives learn the home is completely electrified, down to the General Electric furnace and stove.

Educated home hunters who have conned building materials pamphlets learn that the home is insulated with rock wool, the roof is of slate, with copper gutters and leaders.

Recessed radiation is supplied by the American Radiator Company, linoleum by the Armstrong Cork Company.

The buyer may pay 25 per cent. of the home's cost in cash, obtain a $7,500 privately financed mortgage at 6 per cent. But the 6 per cent. interest charge permits a flat $75 monthly payment which covers interest, reduction of principal, taxes, water and fire insurance. In twenty years the home is his.

FARE ENOUGH: Extra Ticket Windows Reopened as Passenger Rates Are Cut and Public Travels

In carefree pre-1929 boom days, rows of additional ticket windows had to be installed in Grand Central Terminal, New York, to accommodate overlong queues of travelers. In depression days that followed, the windows became superfluous, were closed. Last month they were reopened. Reduced passenger fares had made them necessary once more.

For Eastern railroads, the sharply lower fares in effect since June 1 are producing not only increased traffic, but increased income. In July, their combined passenger revenue was $20,000,000, or 19.4 per cent. greater than in the same month of 1935. In months preceding the fare cut, the gains then wholly attributable to general business recovery, were at a rate of only 10 per cent.

Thus, in the second month of operation, the slash in passenger transportation rates which many opposed so bitterly already was benefiting the carriers substantially. Preliminary estimates indicate that August results were similarly favorable to them.

Public Likes It—Because of this, the move by big Eastern rail systems to have the Interstate Commerce Commission's fare-reduction orders voided by the courts has slowed down. Wall Street last week heard definite rumors that the effort will be dropped. While these were not confirmed, it was strongly indicated that at least court action against the Commission and its new basic two-cents-a-mile schedule will not be pressed for the time being.

To the traveling public, such soft-stepping will be agreeable. Some railroad executives are loath, however, to admit that lower fares are doing them and their stockholders as much good as published figures suggest.

They declare that, in keeping with the livelier pace of business improvement, the rate of passenger revenue increase over 1935 would have been stepped up in July and August, had there been no change in fares. They also point to the added cost of handling a larger volume of passenger traffic. They still doubt that reduced rates, in the long run, will mean materially increased net profits.

For demonstration of that, future operating returns will be necessary. As a matter of fact, fare reduction has not been as severe as it has seemed to be. The basic passenger rate was 3.6 cents a mile through 1935, but exclusive of commutation traffic, the revenue of Eastern roads per passenger mile averaged only 2.66 cents, being so reduced by excursion, round-trip and other bargain tickets. Therefore, the recent cut to a two-cent standard rate was not as drastic as it appeared.

More Hope—Moreover, the experience of Western and Southern rail systems indicates that Eastern companies may well be hopeful. Western roads cut their coach-travel rate to two cents a mile, Southern roads to 1½ cents, on December 1, 1933. For a time revenues were reduced, but not for long. In 1935, Western lines gained 9 per cent., Southern lines 3.75 per cent., over new 1934 incomes, while Eastern lines, clinging to the higher standard rate of 3.6 cents, gained less than 1 per cent. For the first half of 1936, an even greater advantage over the Eastern systems has been reported from West and South.

Chief beneficiary of July passenger traffic improvement among Eastern roads was Pennsylvania, whose income from that source increased 24.6 per cent. Since Pennsylvania has been foremost in the threatened fight to void lower fares, the gain was doubtless a surprize to its officers. Less surprizing was Baltimore & Ohio's gain of 22.8 per cent. to President Daniel A. Williard, who was first and almost alone among Eastern rail Presidents to advocate lower fares, to predict prompt benefit from them.

SCRIP FLOWS: Alberta's Premier Denies His "Velocity Dollar" Scheme Has Failed

"Prosperity certificates are fulfilling all expectations. I am delighted with their success. Unemployed have been given work. People without money now have it. From almost every constituency reports have been encouraging and show success."

With these words, William Aberhart, Alberta's Social Credit Premier, last week flatly contradicted reports circulating throughout Canada that his "velocity dollar" experiment had failed, that the scheme was on the way out.

That Alberta's recently issued stamped-scrip currency (LITERARY DIGEST, August 15) is about to be called in, Premier Aberhart definitely denied. Instead, he said, there is rapid preparation for the issuance of twenty-five-cent and $5 certificates to supplement the $1 notes put into circulation a month ago.

A bill before the Provincial Legislature would validate all scrip already out and provide for further issues, as required, up to $2,000,000.

Nowhere could the stories of velocity-dollar failure be confirmed. Their source, Aberhart followers insisted, was the opposition press.

The T. Eaton and Hudson's Bay Companies, two of Canada's largest chain department stores, were accepting the new scrip in their Alberta branches.

There was increase, not decrease, in the number of smaller stores in the Province taking it in payment for merchandise. New legislation soon will legalize an agreement of the city of Edmonton with the Province to accept it for relief purposes, and will so override a preventive injunction recently obtained by alarmed, protesting Edmonton taxpayers.

Old Promise—In the wake of its fiat money, the Aberhart Government is proceeding to fulfil year-old campaign promises to establish its brand of Social Credit in Alberta.

Soon to be acted upon by the Legislature is a bill setting up a Credit House to dispense basic dividends, compensating discounts, production loans and other credit forms.

The amount of these to which every Albertan will be entitled will be prescribed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, arbitrarily.

Another pending bill in the fiscal turmoil provides for readjustment of Alberta debts.

All private obligations contracted before July 1, 1932, will be reduced by the total amount of payments made since that time, whether the payments were of principal or interest. On debts contracted since, the principal will be reduced by the amount in which interest payments have exceeded 5 per cent.

Maximum interest rate now and hereafter must not exceed that rate.

Alberta conservatives rage and talk of Fascist tendencies. Alberta disciples of Maj. Clifford Hugh Douglas, sire of Social Credit, protest hotly; they want Premier Aberhart banished to a political Siberia, so that the Major may come and direct Social Credit properly.

Premier Aberhart, however, sits smiling and secure behind a recently passed recall law which makes the unseating of partizan legislators possible, but extremely difficult.

A CORRECTION

American Telephone & Telegraph Company was erroneously named by THE LITERARY DIGEST last week as owner of Teleregister Corporation, maker of electric stock-quotation boards, of Wall Street's novelty, Dow-Vox. Owner of Teleregister Corporation is Western Union Telegraph Company.

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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

. . . . I want to cast my vote in favor of the comments. But, whatever you do, I'll still cast my vote for THE LITERARY DIGEST.
New York City. A. FUHRMAN.

. . . . The comments were three-fourths of the value. I'll bet that the bored readers never omit reading them.
Polo, Illinois. MR. AND MRS. W. W. S.

. . . . You may have many readers like myself who have to be shown where to guffaw and why! DORIS M. WINCKLER.
Winnetka, Illinois.

. . . . A slip without a quip is a tire without air. C. E. LONG.
San Francisco.

. . . . The omission of your commentary is a terrible mistake. A. E. KILBRIDE.
Spring Grove, Illinois.

. . . . My vote might be needed to sway the balance. Put me down in favor of comments. HELEN C. MILES.
Salem, Massachusetts.
P. S. Make it two votes. My father says "Amen."

Without the comment, "Slips" lose their zest—like salad without the dressing.
Seattle. (MRS.) K. SIFFERMAN.

. . . . like an egg without salt.
Cleveland. (MRS.) R. L. TURRELL.

—and Con

Glad to see that you are saving the space formerly used for comments on "Slips." Use it for more of "The Spice of Life."
San Francisco. CHARLES SMITH.

. . . . I prefer to make my own comments. Let's keep THE LITERARY DIGEST impartial all the way through; it seems to be the only magazine that approaches that ideal.
Chicago. A. W. HENDERSON.

[A spontaneous straw vote shows the pros winning by about ten to one. Back go the comments.—*Editor.*]

The Magazine

Sir:—As an old reader of your magazine, I wish you would stop such nonsense as appeared in your issue of August 29 under the title, "Wagner Wins."

Honestly, I am not in favor of anything your magazine stands for. I sincerely believe that the writer of this silly treatise is not worthy to lick the boots of either Hitler, the house-painter; Goering, who at least conducted himself as a man in the last War, or Goebbels, who at least has some brains, which the writer of that article seems to be in need of.

Try to be fair and square, and if it is not in your make-up, do not blame me if I throw up the sponge and call it a day.
LOUIS SEMMLER.
Elmhurst, Long Island.

Sir:—One of the things I like about THE LITERARY DIGEST is the lack of prejudice shown in the articles, especially those pertaining to politics. JACK GREENE.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Sir:—I am not much given to condemning or praising publications, radiobroadcasts, etc., except by word of mouth. For months, your publication was simply something to take a quick look at and then heave into the waste-basket. On the expiration of the subscription I was really glad to have it come to an end.

Then some time later I chanced to pick up an issue and found it hard to believe it was really THE LITERARY DIGEST. You deserve a lot of credit for getting out of the rut that you were in and producing a really enjoyable and informative publication.
New York City. S. C. TIMMERMAN.

Sir:—Your article on the fortune-tellers was most interesting. I was surprized to learn that these people practise their art without a permit. I always was under the impression that cities regulated them like peddlers, carnival showmen, etc.

It is a strange commentary on our times that these people should be thriving under the eyes of police. Any sensible person knows they deal out the worst buncombe, misleading young girls, deluding young men, and confusing the elders of both sexes. To license them, now, like doctors, lawyers and other professional people, would give them the stamp of official approval, which really means placing black magic in the class with exact science. J. H.
Cleveland.

Parade

Sir:—For several years I have looked to THE LITERARY DIGEST for information. Most of the general news of the day I find in the local or the California papers, even if they are a few days late. But I like to read little human interest stories about dogs, horses, children and old folks—such as appear from time to time in your "Parade." They appear far too seldom, I believe.

I'm a little sick of reading of Lindbergh, Barbara Hutton and Hollywood film stars. Heaven only knows, the California papers have twenty stories a day about stars. What's more, there doesn't seem much point to me to write about so many dead people. By the time I read THE LITERARY DIGEST, I have read of their deaths a dozen times.

Yes—let's have more human interest stories. But please—no more about the Dionne quintuplets. M. A.
Yuma, Arizona.

Courts

Sir:—I feel THE LITERARY DIGEST is to be highly complimented upon the articles that have appeared under the heading "Courts." I believe a great deal of benefit will come from explaining these matters to the people in a national magazine.

There is one point, however, in an article on divorce laws that I feel might create an erroneous inference. The article says, "Massachusetts and New Jersey refuse to recognize divorces obtained elsewhere."

This might create the inference that these two States were not complying with Sec. 1, of Art. IV of the United States Constitution, which reads, "Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State."

It occurs to me that possibly the author of the article had in mind the position taken by these courts in reference to Mexican divorces obtained when neither the husband or wife were residents of Mexico or the so-called "Correspondence Divorces."

The position of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts is carefully explained on page 395 of Vol. I of THE LITERARY DIGEST

"BELIEVE ME, LADY, THAT DOG IS JUST LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY"

—The Humorist (London)

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Baekeland—chemist (p. 19)—two syllables: *bake'land.*

Baty, Bourdet, Copeau, Dullin, Jouvet French theatrical directors (p. 14)—respectively they are: *bat'y, boor'deh, coe'poe", dü'lan* (*u* of *düne, an* of *sang*), and *zhoo'veh.*

Carrel—surgeon and scientist—rimes with barrel.

Lenglen—French tennis star—she says, *lang-len.*

Seiji Noma—Japanese publisher (p. 16)—it ripples easily as *say'ee-jee no'ma.*

Sorabji Nusserwanji Pochkhanawala—London banker (p. 15)—quite simple: *so-rahb'jee nu-sair'wahn-jee poach'kahn-a-wal"la.*

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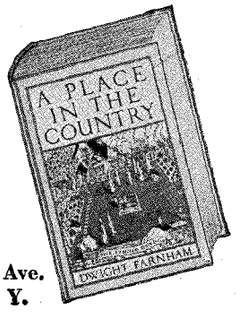

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Between the Lines

• 100,000 WRITERS •

THE LITERARY DIGEST boils 500,000,000 words compiled by 100,000 persons into an hour's reading for the busy man. But it's only half THE DIGEST's job.

For behind every printed fact lie a dozen unprinted facts. To get the news *underneath* the news is the other, the larger half of THE DIGEST's weekly task.

Example: Riding to work one morning, *The Digest's* Spanish expert reads in his morning paper that Dolores Ibarruri, Spanish Deputy referred to as "The Passion Flower," has organized a women's Battalion of Death. "What a story!" he exults.

Once in THE DIGEST office, he goes into high gear. A United Press cable speeds from New York to Madrid.

Then a memorandum to THE DIGEST clipping library: ***Everything on Ibarruri and other Spanish women prominent in civil war.***

To a trained researcher the editor snaps a command: "Look up this Spanish women fighters angle in Reader's Guide; see if you can uncover any stuff on Ibarruri."

To another researcher, as much at home in Spanish as English: "Dig out anything from the latest Spanish papers."

Then the editor mulls over New York contact possibilities — persons who have recently returned from Spain, who might have seen Señora Ibarruri. By the following morning the editor has:

1. Every clipping pertaining to Spain from 200 foreign and domestic papers. 2. The translation of half a dozen articles from Spanish papers. 3. Photographs of Señora Ibarruri collected from a dozen picture agencies. 4. The transcript of half a dozen magazine background stories. 5. Voluminous notes from conversation with travelers who had talked to Ibarruri. 6. A comprehensive cable from Jean De Gant, Chief of the U. P. Bureau in Madrid.

The editor and his aids will have read perhaps 100,000 words. What do all these words tell him?

That Ibarruri is tall, spare, wiry, volatile; her hair is almost black, graying; her eyes raven-black; she took in washing to educate herself; was born a Basque, married a Communist Mayor, separated from him, went to jail with him—

Then the story is written of the women of the Spanish Civil War—1,000 personality-packed, colorful words—the pure distillate of collaborators all over the world.

And so it goes with every other news department of THE DIGEST.

Edition of my "Common Legal Principles," in Question 85, which reads as follows:

"85. How do our courts regard Mexican correspondence divorces, in which neither husband nor wife is domiciled or physically present in Mexico when the divorce is obtained?

"To recognize the Mexican divorce as valid in the circumstances here disclosed would frustrate and make vain all State laws regulating and limiting divorce. By such recognition, State control over the marriage relation would be destroyed."

Chief Justice Rugg, in the case of Bergeron v. Bergeron, 192 Northwestern Reporter 86, quoted with approval the American Law Institute Restatement, Conflicts of Laws, Sec. 111, that "A State can not exercise through its courts jurisdiction to dissolve a marriage where neither spouse is domiciled within the State." FRANCIS W. MARSHALL.
Chicago.

Sir:—In looking over your issue of August 15 I find that in your article on "Crazy-Quilt Divorce-Law Pattern" the statement is made: "Massachusetts and New Jersey refuse to recognize divorces obtained elsewhere. South Carolina recognizes none, issues none—only such State."

It is true that South Carolina issues no divorces, nor does it recognize the pretended divorces issued in some jurisdictions.

Jurisdiction for granting a divorce is based upon the domicile of the parties to the action. Who would say that a person going to Reno for a divorce and staying there for three months or six weeks was actually domiciled in Nevada? The courts of other States and the Supreme Court of the United States would not say so, in fact they have clearly expressed themselves to the contrary.

This State is ridiculed enough for the actions of its Governor, its lack of divorce laws and various other things. Please do not spread it abroad that it is in open defiance to the Constitution. JULIAN B. SALLEY, JR.
Aiken, South Carolina.

[No such intimation was made or intended. —*Editor.*]

Year 2036

Sir:—A forecast of future events should be as interesting as a history of the past. I therefore submit one:

Following the famine period, 80 per cent. of our food necessities were produced in the gardens of home-owners. A ton of virgin soil was more valuable than a gold-mine.

Due to decentralization of population, skyscrapers ceased to be of service, and many of them were junked for the salvage.

Fifty years prior to this date, we had discovered that wealth did not consist in the ownership of tax-exempt bonds, but in the number of tax-exempt homes occupied by well-fed families, happy and unafraid.

I was told by a laborer that the black list, the boycott and strike as methods of getting even with the other fellow had been relegated to the age of terrorism.

We know now that it requires 100 years for nature to produce an inch of soil under favorable conditions. Soil conservation had prevented much loss, but a long-time system of remaking soil had also been adopted.

In 2036, all homes had not only electric lights but also heating and cooling units at less cost than our water-supply in the preceding century.

It was during the past century that public buildings and parks had discarded unsightly monuments and had instead built beautiful walks, fountains and bird sanctuaries.
Dayton, Ohio. F. M. KIRKENDALL.

Taking a Walk

Sir:—In the early nineties, James S. Hogg, a progressive Democrat, served as Governor of Texas. He was, so to speak, a forerunner of Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt. Immediately on his nomination many proceeded to "take a walk."

Mr. Hogg was branded a socialist and a destroyer, and caricatured as a candidate who would wreck the State, if given a chance. A rump Democratic convention was held, and another ticket put out. Self-styled big business attacked him, that he might not be given a chance to destroy its investment. But he was elected and given the chance. To-day, the Hogg Administration is generally referred to as the most outstanding and beneficial in the State's history.

During the years that have elapsed since the Hogg campaign, there have been many other campaigns, but no Democratic office-seeker has boasted that he voted against Jim Hogg. To have done so would have meant sure defeat.

Again the walking delegation is with us. They are of the same political element as those who "walked" and organized rump conventions when Jim Hogg battled for the people; and the result will be the same. Franklin D. Roosevelt is the target for the same vilification and abuse that was once hurled at the Texan. But I say, let them walk, and by their walking they shall be known. They walked on Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt.

The future candidate will shout mightily: "Rally around me, my fellow citizens; let's carry forward the tenets for which the immortal Franklin D. Roosevelt lived and fought." GEORGE L. PAYNE.
Dallas.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Even.—WIFE—"I've put your shirt on the clothes-horse, Jim."

JIM—"What odds did you get?"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Penny Wise.—MOTHER—"Come here Johnnie; I have some good news for you."

JOHNNIE (without enthusiasm)—"Yes, I know; father is home again."

MOTHER—"Yes, but how did you know?"

JOHNNIE—"My bank won't rattle any more."—*Life.*

Vacation Romance?—YOUTH—"Now on this ring I should like you to engrave: 'For my darling Muriel.'"

JEWELER—"Would it not be better to have simply: 'For my darling?' You see, sir, it will be at least a week before we can let you have the ring."—*Hummel.*

Oh-Oh.—FIRST PLEBE—"I got in trouble with the prof. this morning."

SECOND PLEBE—"How come?"

FIRST PLEBE—"He said that all questions could be answered by yes or no, and asked if any one could give him one that couldn't. I asked him if he had stopped swearing."—*Army & Navy Journal.*

Afterthought.—The master of the house was hungry at breakfast, and swallowed a good part of his bacon before he tasted it. Then he began to protest violently to his wife about the flavor of the food.

His wife offered no apology, but rang for the maid.

"Maggie," she inquired, serenely, "what did you do with the bacon we poisoned for the rats?"—*Vancouver Daily Province.*

Slips That Pass in Type

A considerable home at nearly the same place was filled by the street department Thursday.—*Omaha (Neb.) paper.*

It's happened to us.

HENRY PLOWS WITH
MISSING BALLOTS
—*Pocatello (Ida.) paper.*

Henry Wallace?

A closed season is declared on prairie chicken, in addition to peasants and grouse.—*Calgary (Canada) paper.*

A break for the farmers.

HUGE COW MOOSE
ATTACKS HIS AUTO
—*Los Angeles (Calif.) paper.*

Machine age casualty.

For Sale—Young Jersey male cow, 16 months old. A. E. M———, Rt. 1, Clarksville. —*Clarksville (Ohio) paper.*

Wouldn't give us a bum steer?

Dr. R. G. E———, coroner, said death was due to natural causes. The only known suvivo is a bothe, Heny, who esides nea Melose, the coone said.—*Albany (N. Y.) paper.*

That clears it up.

When the cork breaks in a bottle pour out the liquid it contains and put enough ammonia in the sergeant to a squad of recruits, until the cork crumbles.—*Faulkton (S. Dak.) paper.*

Or the Sergeant.

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